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National Anti-Slavery Standard

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LETTERS should be addressed to OLIVER JOHNSON, *Editor of The Anti-Slavery Standard*, 48 Beekman-st., New York.

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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

BEECHER, THE SATANIC PARSON, IN ENGLAND.

From Bennett's Herald, Nov. 5.

ONE of the most beautiful stories of Holy Writ is that of the temptation of Jesus. St. Matthew tells us that Jesus was led by the Spirit into the wilderness, and there the tempter came to him, but was repulsed and rebuked. "Again," says St. Matthew, "the Devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them, and saith unto him, All these will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me. Then saith Jesus unto him, Get thee hence, Satan; for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve. Then the Devil leaveth him, and, behold, angels came and ministered unto him."

Nearly nineteen centuries after this wonderful event we find this same Satan, in the form of a Brooklyn parson, troubling the world as he troubled Jesus upon the mount. His tail and his horns are concealed beneath the apparel of the period; but his infernal spirit is as evident as ever. He has caused wars and confusion, through the agency of this Brooklyn parson and other parsons of that stamp, in this chosen land, which was once the most happy, the most peaceful and the most powerful upon the face of the earth. Now, incarnated in the body of Beecher, he has crossed the Atlantic and is trying to set all England by the ears. Selfishly speaking we wish him success. While he is busy there we may possibly be able to repair damages here. Satan is a hard worker; but he is not omnipotent, and cannot raise the devil in more than one country at a time, if God and good men are working against him. England has been tampering with evil for a long while past, and deserves all that Satan can give her. While she is in agony we may be permitted to escape. It follows, therefore, that England's extremity will be our opportunity, and that the visit of Satan to London will aid the Union cause.

Mr. Beecher is a true satanic parson. His Christianity is a satanic humbug. His church is a satanic church. His followers are followers of Satan. His disciples go to a satanic school. He offers them the political world and the glory of it if they will fall down and worship him and his master. He is not, indeed, the Devil himself. That honor is reserved for Wendell Phillips. But the Devil possesses him, travels with him and actuates him. The Devil bestows upon him that moving eloquence, that astonishing command of language, that ability to raise a row at any moment and in any place, for which his admirers give him so much credit. This explains his superiority as a diplomat to the Chevaliers Wikoff, Jewett and Weed, and even to his Grace Archbishop Hughes. These personages have been to Europe; but they accomplished little or nothing, because they did not have the Devil with them. Some of them were accompanied by Mammon, others by Mummery; but none of them had the real Devil. Beecher undoubtedly has. He detailed a little imp of Satan to manage his weekly paper during his absence, and took the genuine Luciter as his travelling companion. His advent in England was marked by an earthquake. His first speech produced a moral earthquake. If he does not involve the British isles in some tremendous disaster before his return it will be because the English are the most lucky people upon the globe.

One of the daily organs of Satan in this city ascribes to the satanic parson "intense passion," "marvellous power of illustration" and "great flexibility." These are satanic qualities. The organ also describes him as contending with "a raging sea" of opposition—"now soaring to overcome it, now sinking to undermine it, now dashing in its teeth." This is precisely the satanic style of warfare. We, in our kindness of heart, have previously spoken of Parson Beecher's "pluck." It is satanic pluck, which knows no fear because it has nothing to lose and everything to gain. Milton praises Satan for the same quality. The London *Times* says that Beecher appealed to English selfishness. It is just this human weakness which Satan generally plays upon, and this is the chord he attempted to touch when he offered Divinity all the kingdoms of this world. Nor are the fruits of Parson Beecher's efforts unworthy of his satanic inspiration. He and such as he have wasted an ocean of blood already in their hypocritical defence of the rights of the black race. Desolate homes, widows' tears, the cries of poor orphans and the lamentations of mothers will be his welcome when he again sets foot upon our shores. They are his triumphs. He has assisted in causing them. Nay, he has done so under the guise of religion, and philanthropy, and has thus added a new leaf to his blood-stained laurels. Every one may serve Satan if he will; but it is not every one who can serve him as Parson Beecher does, in the livery of God.

Still, in spite of all this, we have hopes that the visit of the satanic parson to England will help the Union cause. Indeed this could scarcely be otherwise; for, by a providential arrangement, Satan continually trips himself up; his schemes work against each other, and the evil he does in one place counteracts the evil in another. So it will doubtless be with Parson Beecher. His visit has injured England a great deal, and may breed revolutions there; but all this will prevent foreign intervention in our affairs, and allow us to settle matters in our own way. Thus it is that the satanic parson in England helps to undo the work of the satanic parson in America.

From The London Herald, Oct. 22.

IN a nation of mediocrities Mr. Henry Ward Beecher has managed to acquire, partly by puffing himself, a sort of distinction which he mistakes for fame. When he came to this country, under the impression that the intelligent classes in England might be inclined to accept his dictum on any great question of the day, he was very much in the wrong. A man of vulgar appearance and a course mind, the best that he can hope for is to rank in our esteem with Cuffey and O'Connor, with Vincent and Gough, and other Chartist and teetotal orators, who have been listened to by a certain section of the laboring classes. He describes himself as a "pestilential reverend fellow." We may accept one-half of the description; we demur to the other half. Society in America may be rather loose in its notions as to what constitutes or does not constitute a minister of the Gospel; it is difficult to imagine that Mr. Beecher can have claimed such rank even there.

REBEL TERMS OF PEACE.

From The Richmond Enquirer.

Save on our terms, we can accept no peace whatever, and must fight till doomsday rather than yield an iota of them; and our terms are:

Recognition by the enemy of the independence of the Confederate States.

Withdrawal of the Yankee forces from every foot of Confederate ground, including Kentucky and Missouri.

Withdrawal of the Yankee soldiers from Maryland, until that State shall decide by a free vote whether she shall remain in the old Union or ask admission into the Confederacy.

Consent on the part of the Federal government to give up to the Confederacy its proportion of the navy as it stood at the time of secession, or to pay for the same.

Yielding up of all pretensions on the part of the Federal government to that portion of the old territories which lies west of the Confederate States.

An equitable settlement, on the basis of our absolute independence and equal rights, of all accounts of the public debt and public lands, and the advantages accruing from foreign treaties.

These provisions, we apprehend, comprise the minimum of what we must require before we lay down our arms; that is to say, the North must yield all—we nothing.

Selections.

A CONVERTED REBEL.

[The Hon. E. W. Gantt of Arkansas, a well-known citizen of that State, who has served in the Rebel army and twice been taken prisoner by our forces, has issued a long address to the people of Arkansas, from which we copy as follows:]

WE are whipped—fairly beaten. Our armies are melting and ruin approaches us. Will continuing this struggle help us? Every battle we might gain ought to wring tears from the hearts of Southern men! We are just that much weaker, that much nearer our final ruin. Anguish and sorrow and desolation meet us wherever we turn. The longer the struggle the more of it.

Don't let yourselves be deceived with the hope that the United States will abandon the struggle. They can never do it. They have toiled and spent too much to see the solution of the problem, and not foot up the figures. They scarcely feel the war at home. Their cities are more populous and thrifty than ever. For every man that dies or gets killed in battle, two emigrate to the country. Their villages and towns, their fields and country, flourish as fresh as ever. They could sink their armies to-day, and raise new levies to crush us, and not feel it.

How is it with us? The last man is in the field, half our territory overrun, our cities gone to wreck—peopled alone by the aged, the lame and halt, and women and children; while deserted towns, and smoking ruins, and plantations abandoned and laid waste, meet us on all sides, and anarchy and ruin, disappointment and discontent, lower over all the land.

Have no hopes from a divided North. It is on the surface—scarcely goes to the bottom of their politics, much less shaking the great masses of their determined people. Remember, too, that much of the South is with them. There is no division as far as fighting us is concerned. The mildest of them simply proposes peace by reconstruction. That rejected, they are to press us with redoubled energy. Let us not, after all our misfortunes and blunders, construe the struggles between politicians for place into sympathy for ourselves. But how could they propose peace? Who would bring the message? To whom would it be delivered? And should the proposition be made and rejected, we are that much worse off for it. We must propose peace, for we ought to know when we have got enough of the thing.

I am asked if Mr. Lincoln's Emancipation proclamation will stand. If you continue the struggle, certainly. He has the physical force at his disposal to carry it out. If you cease now, you may save all in your hands, or compromise on gradual emancipation. But let, I beseech you, the negro no longer stand in the way of the happiness and safety of friends and kindred.

The changes of sentiment upon this question in the South have been curious. Not many years since, it was by no means unusual for the press and public men, as well as for the people generally, in the South, to concede that slavery was an evil, and regret that it should ever have existed; expressing, however, no disposition or desire to be rid of it. Yet, a few years more — the demand for cotton having increased, the price of negroes having advanced, and the agitation of the slavery question having increased in virulence—finds us defending slavery as a divine institution. *DeBow's Review*, and other Southern papers and periodicals, with Senator Hammond of South Carolina, were prominent in this defense. Their object was to educate the Southern mind to this belief. Such a course has been vital to the existence of slavery; because, to concede that negro slavery was morally wrong, was virtually to concede the whole argument to the Abolitionists. As the controversy ~~ensued~~, as it became ~~necessary~~, and so mordidly so, that the North might have threatened with impunity to deprive us of horses, or other property; yet the whole South would be ablaze if some fanatic took one negro. Such was public sentiment South, at the commencement of this most unfortunate and bloody struggle. But revolutions shake up men's thoughts, and put them in different channels. I have recently talked with Southern slaveholders from every State. They are tired of negro slavery, and I believe they could make more clear money, and live more peaceably, without than with it. As for the non-slaveholder of the South, I honestly thought the struggle was for him more than for his wealthy neighbor—that to free the negro would reduce to comparative slavery the poor white man. I now regret, that instead of a war to sustain slavery, it had not been a struggle at the ballot-box to colonize it. This will clearly be the next struggle.

Let us, fellow-citizens, endeavor to be calm. Let us look these new ideas, and our novel position, squarely in the face. We fought for negro slavery. We have lost. We may have to do without it. The inconvenience will be great for awhile. The loss heavy. This, however, is already well nigh accomplished. Yet, behind this dark cloud is a silver lining. If not for us, at least for our children. In the place of these bondsmen will come an immense influx of people from all parts of the world, bringing with them their wealth, arts and improvements, and lending their talents and sinews to increase our aggregate wealth. Thrift and trade, and a common destiny, will bind us together. Machinery in the hills of Arkansas will reverberate to the music of machinery in New England, and the whirr of Georgia spindles will meet responsive echos upon the slopes of the far-off Pacific. Protective tariffs, if needed, will stretch in their influences from the Lakes to the Gulf, and from ocean to ocean, bearing alike, at last, equally upon Arkansian and Vermonter, and upon Georgian and Californian. Difference of section and local sentiment will wear away and be forgotten, and the next generation be more homogenous and united than any since the days of the Revolution. And the descendants of these bloody times will read, with as much pride and little jealousy, of these battles of their fathers, as the English and Scotch descendants of the heroes of Flodden-field read of their ancestral achievements in the glowing lines of Scott, or, as the descendants of highland and lowland chiefs, allusions to their fathers' conflicts in the simple strains of the rustic Burns.

Let us live in hope, my grief-stricken brother, that the day is not far distant when Arkansas will rise from the ashes of her desolation to start on a path of higher destiny than with negro slavery she ever could have reached; while the reunited government, freed from this cankering sore, will be more vigorous and powerful, and more thrifty, opulent and happy than though the scourge of war had never desolated her fields, or made sorrowful her hearthstones!

The sooner we lay down our arms and quit this hopeless struggle, the sooner our days of prosperity will return.

I hesitated long, my fellow-citizens, before I determined to issue this address. I dislike to be abused and slandered. But, more than all, dislike to live under a cloud with those friends who have not yet reached my stand-point. And, besides, all I possess is in the Confederate lines. Their leaders will deprive my family of slaves, home, property—debts due me—in a word, reduce them from competence and ease to penury. Aside from what I have inside the Confederate lines, I could not pay for the paper this address is written upon. But it may all go. Did I desire future promotion, and could bring my conscience to it, I would do like the Johnsons; safe from bullets and hardships themselves, they assist in holding you on to this hopeless and ruinous struggle, and, at the end of the conflict, will come back and say, "*I staid with you to the last! Honor me and mine!*" God deliver me from such traitors to humanity, and to the interests of our bleeding people! To me the path of duty is plain. It is to lend my feeble aid to stop this useless effusion of blood. And, though it beggar my family, and leave me no ray of hope for the future, I shall follow it.

I have witnessed the desolation of the Southern States from one end to the other. This hopeless struggle but widens it. Each day makes new graves, new orphans, and new mourners! Each hour flings into this dreadful whirlpool more of wrecked hopes, broken fortunes and anguished hearts! The rich have mostly fallen. The poor have drank deep of the cup of sorrow, while surely, and not slowly, the tide of ruin, in its resistless surge, sweeps toward the middle classes! A few more campaigns and they will form a part of the general wreck! Each grave and each tear, each wasted fortune and broken heart, puts us that much further off from the object of the struggle, and that much further off from peace and happiness!

Viewing it thus, the terrible question was presented to me, as to whether I should continue my lot in an enterprise so fruitless and so full of woe, and help hold the masses of the people on to this terrible despotism of Davis, where only ruin awaits them, or whether I should be a quiet observer of it all, or, lastly, whether I should assist in saving the remnant of you from the wreck.

I have chosen the latter. I shall send this address to every hill and corner of the State, to the citizen and soldier, at home or in prison, and shall send with it my prayers to Almighty God to arrest them in their pathway of blood and ruin. Why trust Davis longer? Had he twice our resources he would still fail. With success he would be a despot. But the whole thing is tumbling to pieces. Soldiers are leaving disgusted and disheartened, and whole States have gone back to their home in the National galaxy. Maryland and Delaware will never again be shaken. Kentucky has entrenched herself in the Union, behind a wall of bayonets in the hands of her own sturdy sons. Missouri is as firmly set in the National galaxy as Massachusetts. Tennessee, tempest-tossed and bolt-riven, under the guide of her great pilot, steers for her old mooring, and will be safely anchored before the leaves fall; while the rays of light from the old North State, flashing out fitfully from her darkness across the troubled waves, shows that she also, is not lost, but is struggling to rejoin her sisters. None of these States will ever join the South again. Then, with crippled armies—with devastated fields—with desolate cities—with disheartened soldiers, and worse than all, with weak and corrupt leaders, what hope is left to the few remaining States, but especially to poor oppressed and down-trodden Arkansas? None! Better get our brothers home while they are left to us. Open the way for the return of husbands, fathers and sons, and bind up the broken links of the old Union. The people must act to do this. I tell you now, in grief and pain, that the leaders don't care for your blood. Your sufferings move them not. The tears and wails of your anguished and bereaved ones fall on hearts of flint! While they can make a dollar or wear an epaulette, they are content. Finally, with a grief-stricken and sorrowful heart, I implore mothers, sisters, wives and daughters to assist, by all their arts, in saving their loved ones from this terrible scourge ere ruin overtakes you and them irretrievably! While God gives me strength, daunted by no peril, and swerved by no consideration of self, I shall give you my feeble aid!

FREEDOM CONVENTION OF THE SLAVE STATES.

TO THE FRIENDS OF FREEDOM IN THE SLAVE STATES.

THE war which has now existed for near three years, taxing all the strength and devotion of the loyal people of this republic to suppress the rebellion, has developed no fact more striking than the necessity of assimilating all reoccupied territory before peace can be reposed upon. The intrinsic hostility between communities differing so widely in their social structure reappears constantly in the rear of our conquests with more virulence from the temporary depressions inflicted. Assimilation, and with it permanent peace, can only take place upon the doing away with that institution upon which the rebellion is predicated, and from which it derives all of its sympathy and encouragement in the loyal States. Nowhere are there now seen either men or parties embarrassing the prosecution of the war, who do not connect therewith an open hostility to all measures that tend to relieve the country of the slave system. To suppress by force this rebellion, therefore, if such a course were much more practicable than it has been found to be, and leave the cause untouched to breed other rebellions, and enkindle hereafter constant animosities ready as the present has done to appeal for solution to the arbitrament of civil war, would be national suicide. Its effects upon the several States would be even more disastrous, antagonizing them against each other necessarily from the presence of that institution, around which would cling so many memories of a past conduct, and laying waste their fields, depopulating their villages, making all tenures of life and property utterly insecure in the subsequent strife for supremacy that would result between different classes of the community. Hence it is that an insistance upon freedom policies, both National and State, presents itself as the supremest duty of the hour—a duty not to be subordinated to any theory of the past, or any hesitancy of the present. Indeed, the making of such an issue in the reconquered territory, and in those slave States which have adhered to the Union, is one of present self-preservation to them, as has been amply demonstrated by the atrocities perpetrated under the name of guerilla warfare throughout Tennessee, Arkansas, Missouri, Maryland, and Kentucky, and demands a promptitude of action coincident with the distress entailed by the mere existence of a slave system in our midst. Changes which, in other days and for other reasons, might well have assumed a gradual character, now find in the perils of the times no excuse for delay, but every incitement to an immediate corrective.

To insure, however, the requisite unity and support to the friends of freedom in the slave States, it is primarily essential that the General government should adopt in its civil, no less than its military administration, a line of action that will recognize, so far as may be authorized, freedom to be the true basis of loyalty, and give to the communities involved sufficient guaranties that there will be no retrogression in the future; but, on the contrary, an effective carrying out of the principles embodied in the civil code under the Confiscation act, and in the military direction by the proclamation of January 1, 1863 This is necessary because few will be disposed to engage in the work of effecting those changes needed for any thorough assimilation or any positive uprooting of slavery, if they are to be left unsupported to reap their reward from the Slave Power, reinstated as dominant in either States or Nation. But it is to be remarked in this connection, that the General government has assumed the attitude of awaiting a full and further signification of the popular thought, and this can only be elicited by the friends of freedom throughout the slave States making such appeal to the people of the nation as will rivet their attention upon the great dangers impending, arouse them to manifestations of sympathy with the cause of human liberty, and leave no room for any doubt as to the course that should be pursued by rulers solicitous to reflect their will.

For three reasons; for the promotion of a more cordial understanding between those who concur in the necessity of adopting freedom policies; for the more effective initiation of local State organizations to accomplish the work of emancipation; and for such mutual interchange of opinions and experience as may make the teachings of the past profit in the guidance of the present, an invitation is hereby extended to the friends of freedom residing in all the slave States, to meet in mass convention at the city of Louisville, Ky., on the 8th day of January next coming.

Those favorable to such assemblage are requested to take measures in their respective districts for an attendance that will secure them representation.

Newspapers approving this call are requested to give it circulation.

Respectfully submitted,

B. GRATZ BROWN, FRED. MOENCH, H. T. BLOW, J. W. MCCLURG, EMIL PRETORIUS, S. H. BOYE, BEN. LOAN, C. E. MOSS, SAM. KNOX, JAMES LINDSAY, of Missouri.

THE NEW GOSPEL OF PEACE.

THE second book of this most universally popular and effective political pamphlet of the war has just appeared. Like the first book, it owes nothing to elaborate advertising or vigorous puffing. Indeed it is a remarkable fact in the history of our literature, that the first part was quietly issued, and apparently quietly ignored by the press, but gradually making itself known and felt, appeared upon every newspaper stand, and was intimately known to every circle in the country. The actual service it has wrought for the good cause is very great. Like the pamphlets of Defoe, it is not above the easy comprehension and delight of plainest people, while by its trenchant blows it commands the admiration of the most intelligent public. Our political satires hitherto have been generally beneath contempt or above general comprehension. The true wit and power of some of them have commended them indeed to the purely literary classes, but they have not commanded the interest and laughing assent of the great busy crowd of the country. The sale of the first book of The New Gospel is already prodigious, and that of the second will doubtless be like unto it. It treats of events of the last Summer. It even alludes to the practice of the doctrines of the New Gospel as seen in the streets of New York in July. The charm of novelty is naturally wanting, but it seems to us not less racy than the earlier part.

The authorship remains a secret. Claims are now asserted for some source beyond Albany, possibly among the fountains of the Hudson. The work has been attributed to a score of literary gentlemen in the city. But the author and the publisher guard their secret well; and whoever he may be the writer of the "New Gospel of Peace" has secured his place in the memorabilia of the war.—*Harpers' Weekly.*

FREEDMEN IN THE DEPARTMENT OF THE TENNESSEE.

Report of the Numbers and Wants of the Contrabands in the Department of the Tennessee, by the Committee Appointed by the Chaplains' Association, Vicksburg Miss., Oct. 19, 1863.

YOUR Committee beg leave to report, after such inquiry as a short time permits them to make of the Government Commissioners and citizens of Vicksburg, the following results, to wit:

First—Numbers.

Within ~~them~~ *thirty-five thousand* are gathered on the banks of the Mississippi from Helena to Natchez. Of these about ten thousand are within twelve miles of Vicksburg, of whom only five hundred are men, except those enlisted in the army, the balance being women and children, who are entirely dependent on government or charity for support—the able-bodied being enlisted in the army, or employed as cooks, grooms and teamsters, is the cause of this inequality. Of the 9,000 near Goodrich's Landing, La., 7,000 have been employed on abandoned plantations. The government agents cultivating these pay the men $10 a month, including $3 in clothing; the women $7, two of which in clothing; children between the ages of twelve and fifteen years, half-price; rations provided for all. Those under the age of twelve are not required to work in the field, but are to have the privilege of schools. Rebel raids on the leased plantations last year destroyed the crops of many planters, and consequently the uncertainty of securing their crops did not justify the promise of larger wages at present, or such as will gladly be paid when these calamities are passed. Beside these thousands under the supervision of government agents, there are many trying to support themselves, living as they can in vacant houses and hovels.

Second—Health.

That there has been fearful mortality among the freedmen, both the enlisted soldiers and the camps of the infirm, we have agonizingly felt.

The causes appear to us to be:

1. Being congregated in great numbers in camps and lodges, without suitable employment or regular exercise.

2. Unusual and unhealthy food; the sudden change from corn bread to wheaten; sometimes overeating and painful destitution of suitable nourishment, especially for the sick.

3. Change of water. Cistern water is usually drank in Southern cities and on plantations. Deprived of this, the fugitives have, of necessity, drank the waters of the Mississippi, or from springs in malarious districts. Added to these, almost entire destitution of physicians and medicines.

4. Miserable apologies for tents or shelter to protect them from the heat of the day and the dews and storms of the night; and the fact that, driven from their homes with only garments almost worn out, they have suffered from cold already, some even unto death, and hence the living are wholly unprepared for the chilling winds and storms of Autumn and Winter.

Third—Employment.

Several thousands of the strong men are now soldiers in the United States army, and are doing good service as soldiers. Others are cultivating plantations of the government, as we have already shown, and some have done well raising cotton and corn for themselves unmolested by our enemies. Many of those encamped in Louisiana are hired to cut firewood, and the contractors pay both men and women suitable wages for this work. At present, thousands are too sick and feeble for military duty, or for work, and must be clothed and fed and nursed chiefly by the government or charity of individuals, or be left, as the man who fell among thieves was, by the Priest and the Levite, to die of want. What good Samaritan will come to pour oil and wine into their wounds?

Fourth—Schools.

These have been commenced at Memphis, Corinth, Island No. 10, Helena and this place. One of 185 scholars is opened in Vicksburg by two missionaries of the "United Brethren in Christ," of the State of Indiana. In all these schools young and old manifest much enthusiasm and determination to learn, and one of our sources of grief now is that when they ask daily for their spelling-books and primers, we are obliged to say, "Our stock is gone, and those on their way to us, or ordered by us, have not yet come." Schools, to some extent, will be taught by colored men, and self-supported, under the advice and aid of white friends.

These facts coming to our eyes and ears, lead us, in reply to questions coming daily from the benevolent at the North, to appeal to them, and to the agents, military and civil, of our government, to meet these wants at once, by sending to them:

1. Suitable and strong garments for women and children, under and outer, including shoes, strong and new.

2. Providing them houses or tents that will shelter them from the cold.

3. Healthful and nutritious food, adding to the government rations that the sick and infirm may need, as a donation, or by sale to such as can buy.

4. Send them physicians who love their souls and know how to minister to their bodies, well supplied with medicines, from government or otherwise, especially with simple herbs, on which they have so long relied, and which they crave as the miser does gold.

5. Preachers, school teachers and primary school books, are an absolute necessity for the mental and moral training of those whose yoke God has broken by his own strong hand, and has committed to the care of the lovers of their country and their fellowmen; and now, pointing to them, afflicted, tossing, fainting, dying, says: "Blessed is he that considereth the poor"; "The poor ye have always with you"; and commands, "Feed my sheep"; "If you love me, feed my lambs"; and will say, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Respectfully submitted.

J. COLES,
Chaplain Thirty-first Illinois Volunteer Infantry.
JEREMIAH PORTER,
Chaplain First Illinois Light Infantry.
T. M. STEVENSON,
Chaplain Seventy-eighth Ohio Volunteer Infantry.

AS YOU WERE.

THE gentleman who calls mad rioters and assassins his friends, lately said in a public speech that spite of the Vice-President we will have the Union-as-it-was. His friends responded with "tremendous applause." But in one or two little points, perhaps, the Union will not be so much as-it-was in the palmy days of Buchanan as in those of Washington.

For instance, in the Union-as-it-was ten years ago, Mr. Horatio Seymour, of New York, could go into Carolina or Georgia and say what he pleased of public affairs, and Mr. William H. Seward, of New York, his equal fellow-citizen, could not. In the Union-as-it-will-be, and as-it-was when it was made, Mr. Horatio Seymour will have no privilege which Mr. Seward has not.

Then in the Union-as-it-was two years ago chattel slavery existed in several of the States. But in the Union-as-it-was-meant-to-be by the fathers, and in the Union-as-it-will-be, there will be no chattel slavery in those States.

Again, in the Union-as-it-was when Mr. Seymour was for the first time Governor of New York, and gave Miss Murray, Victoria's lady of honor, those charming views of the delights of slavery which she reproduced in her book, it was enough to secure great reputation as a "national statesman," that a man should become the nimble lackey of slavery. In the Union-as-it-will-be the test of nationality will be devotion to liberty and equal rights, and not to the interest of an aristocratic party.

The Union-as-it-was in the days of Washington, according to Mr. Alexander H. Stephens, was made by men who believed that slavery was dying out. The Union-as-it-was in the days of Buchanan, Toucey, Cobb, Floyd, and Thompson, was officered by men who were resolved that slavery should live and grow. *That* is the Union which our worthy Governor says he means to have. The Union-as-it-was-made is that for which Vice-President Hamlin pronounces. Do wise men think that the country will follow Vallandigham, Seymour, and Fernando Wood, or Washington, Jefferson, and Abraham Lincoln.—"*The Lounger*," *in Harper's Weekly.*

HIRED LABOR ON SOUTHERN PLANTATIONS.

REPORT BY ADJT.-GEN. THOMAS OF HIS OBSERVATIONS—GREAT SUCCESS OF THE EXPERIMENT.

NATCHEZ, Miss., Oct. 15, 1863.

SIR: I recently passed a few days at Goodrich's Landing, Louisiana, 50 miles above Vicksburg, one of my purposes being to ascertain the condition of the head plantations—to what extent the cultivation of cotton had been carried, and especially to know whether the cultivation of plantations could not be carried on as well by hired freemen as by slaves. The gathering of cotton is now in full operation, and it may be too soon to report fully the result. But the facts in my possession are sufficient for a judgment on the experiment as previously reported. The season had advanced fully two months from the time cotton should have been planted, which was unavoidable, though the system was put into operation as soon after my coming to this country as was possible. The lessees, therefore, labored under great disadvantages in this respect, for most of them had first to run the furrow to plant the seed, then plant their corn, relying on subsequent time to break up the ground between the furrows of cotton and exterminate the weeds. The necessity of withdrawing the troops from Louisiana to augment the forces operating against Vicksburg kept the line of plantations, some 60 in all, without adequate protection when the rebels made the attack on Milliken's Bend, where they were signally defeated, and made raids on the plantations, scattering and driving off the negroes and stock. This occurred at the time when it was important to cultivate the crops. Some time elapsed before the hands could be collected and be induced to recommence work. The consequence was, fully one-half of the crops were not worked at all, and in other cases, where some work was done, the weeds and plants had to grow up together, the ill weed overtopping the cotton plant. The army-worm attacked all the late cotton, destroying from one-fourth to a third of the crop. Still, under all these disadvantages, not one of the lessees will lose money, but all derive a profit. I know that they are satisfied with the experiment; all desire the re-lease for another year. The negro lessees, of whom there are some 15, will make from four or five bales up to, in one case, 150, and it is a fact that the cotton they have raised for themselves, owing to better cultivation, is of a higher grade than that of the white lessees. Some of the negroes have cultivated by themselves and families, while others have employed their fellow-freedmen. The freedmen have all worked for wages according to a scale fixed upon by the Board of Commissioners, and at a higher rate, I understand, than was adopted in the Department of the Gulf. They have been well and more abundantly fed than they were when held in slavery. Schools have been established upon the plantations, and the lessees have felt it a duty by every proper means to elevate this unfortunate race. As a general rule, they greatly prefer working with Northern men, whom they regard as their friends, to working with Southerners, even their former owners, and I hazard nothing in saying that the net proceeds on a crop by a Northerner who has paid his hands wages will exceed that of a Southerner who has cultivated by slaves, the number of acres being the same in both cases. Those employed have thus been of no expense to the government, but have supported themselves and families. They are perfectly contented, and look forward with hope to future elevation of character. The experiments, adopted hastily and from necessity with many misgivings, I now regard a complete success. The number of bales of cotton raised on these plantations will not much, if any, fall short of 8,000 bales, giving to the government some $150,000 of revenue. The lessees will also pay to the Quartermaster's Department, for mules, utensils, etc., furnished or found on the places, some $100,000. The charge in lieu of rent is $2 a bale, making $16,000, The government share on some few plantations abandoned by the lessees may sell for $150,000. I desire this money, or as much as may be necessary, set aside as a fund necessary to pay the expenses of this ~~year~~, and of the year commencing January 1, 1864.

It is a significant fact that while transports on the river have been frequently fired into by the rebels, not a single shot has been fired from that line of the river covered by leased plantations, extending for 75 miles above Vicksburg, which shows the importance to commerce of lining the river with a loyal population.

I have, sir, the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant, L. THOMAS, Adjt.-Gen.

Hon. E. M. STANTON, Sec. of War.

LOYALTY AND DISLOYALTY IN TENNESSEE.

Correspondence of The Cincinnati Gazette.

WASHINGTON, November 3.

THE condition and wants of Tennessee—and, as is probable, of two or three other slave States also—are so strikingly portrayed in a letter which to-day's mail brought me from Memphis, that I cannot do better than give the main portion of it to the public. The writer is a native of West Tennessee, has lived there nearly all his life, has been a slaveholder and pro-slavery man, and is thoroughly acquainted with the character, prejudices and temper of the people. In addition, I know him to be a gentleman of cool, sound judgment, and of unswerving loyalty. He says:

MEMPHIS, TENN., Oct. 25.

"MY DEAR R.: * * * * * * Society in the South, wherever I have come in contact with it, is yet a seething cauldron, and I feel satisfied that more energetic treatment than any yet adopted will be necessary to eradicate the political disease that afflicts the land. Especially is this the case in regard to the State of Tennessee. *Here*, the fiat of the Almighty in regard to slavery was suspended in midheaven by the President's limited proclamation of freedom. An "irrepressible conflict" is the result, in the breast of every slaveholder or pro-slavery man. And this latter class it is fair to presume constitutes yet a large majority of the population of Tennessee. The consequence is that no decided sentiments are developed in the State, and no sharp party lines can be drawn. They are all "cow boys" here, studying if by any means they can escape emancipation and confiscation.

The slaveholder and his friends say: "Let us be as good Union men as we can be under a Republican Administration—let us go for the 'Constitution as it is,' and in this way our 'peculiar institution' will be preserved to us and our children forever." The fact that the President's proclamation spares their slaves inclines them to praise him faintly sometimes, but they freely admit that they do not trust him, and will do all they can to have him succeeded by a Democrat next year. As for Mr. Chase and the school he represents, let them be *anathema maranatha!* Such is the *prevailing* type of Tennessee Unionism. You see it has its vitality and existence in the hope and expectation of saving the system of African slavery. If the Union army should be driven back and the Confederate power reëstablished in Tennessee, it would be hailed with delight; because the people would say: "Under the Confederacy we *know* we can save our slaves."

What is to be done with a people thus watching the death struggle of the nation—ready to join either side, whichever may be the stronger, if so be they may hold on to a parcel of "niggers"? This condition of things is degrading and debasing the sentiments of the people, making them incapable of any high sense of national honor, and converting them into unprincipled and cowardly mercenaries and cow-boys.

There is but one way to put a stop to this evil, and bring the population up to full sympathy with the tremendous issues of the conflict; and that is, *pierce slavery through and through*, and let it die. *Then* the hour of temporizing will be past, the tottering fabric of a false society will be brought level to the ground, and the people of the State will lay their foundations securely on Freedom, and begin to build anew. *There will be—there can be—no improvement in Tennessee until the thing is done.* Entire peace and reorganized society are impossible until slavery is destroyed. The President only protracts the agony by withholding his fiat.

"What pretext can the President find for a new proclamation wiping out slavery in Tennessee?" He has not merely pretexts, but abundant causes, every day. He would have been justified in issuing a proclamation after the battle of Chicamauga, as a defensive measure. He would be justified in issuing on any day as a punitive measure for the incessant raiding, conscripting and guerilla operations prevailing in Middle and West Tennessee, which the Union (!) population makes no single effort to suppress. The grounds on which the President *spared* Tennessee in his proclamation of Freedom, were its supposed Unionism and preparedness to return to immediate loyalty. That expectation has been grievously disappointed; every day we have evidence that the Federal power is despised and rejected by the armed hordes in all parts of the State; and the people do not rise to resent it. No better grounds could exist for the final decree of the President, extinguishing the institution which, beyond all question, thus keeps alive the disloyalty of the State, and paralyzes the equivocal Unionism to be found here.

Cannot the President be brought to appreciate this state of things and strike? Let him do it the very next time he hears of a guerilla movement in the State; or, the moment a raid threatens the communications of the Army of the Cumberland. I can assure you that there are hundreds of *unconditional Union men* of my acquaintance in West Tennessee, who will not declare their sentiments or take an active part in the return of the State to the Union as long as *slavery* is left as a living serpent to strike at them. It is hard enough to fight local prejudices and bear the reproach of sympathizing with the "Yankee government" without meeting the venom of the original Copperhead—African slavery—writhing in its wounds and tumid with rage and poison. Kill the serpent that crawls and strikes beneath, and free labor and free thought will quickly build up the edifice of free government in Tennessee, and fling out the stars and stripes from its glittering dome.

If these suggestions of mine can reach the President (who knows me) with any prospect of doing good, you are welcome to use them. But otherwise they are for your private edification only.

Truly your friend.

The "suggestions" will be duly laid before the President, but meantime there are many, I think, who will be glad to share the "private edification" with me. AGATE.

THE OLD GAG.

WE all owe Mr. Beecher our gratitude for the pleasant and plucky way in which he battled with the mob in Liverpool, Manchester, and London. His perfect self-possession, his readiness, his jovial wit, gave him the victory throughout. Another orator might have withered the mob with sarcasm, but he melted them with humor. He turned the laugh against them. He parried their blows, and at the same time struck home. There is no public speaker in the country so well fitted to do what he has done as Mr. Beecher, and the work he has begun in England will doubtless be continued by others, until a profound and powerful impression is made upon British common sense.

It surprises many that Mr. Beecher had to confront the mob in England, since he and all men of his views can now speak freely here at home. But the spirit against which he speaks, and against which the people of this country fight, is always and everywhere the same. Whether it is hanging a man in Georgia for saying that God made all men free, or burning a slave in Carolina because he is trying to seize his liberty, or murdering a man or child in New York, because of their color, or by a "respectable mob" stifling discussion in Boston, or trying to stifle it in Liverpool, Manchester, or London, slavery is the same old tyrant, to whom free speech is as dangerous as a match to gunpowder, and which always seeks victory by brute force.

In this country we have had enough of this kind of tyranny. Under the Constitution we have discovered that no one man's opinions are any more sacred than another's. If Southerners like slavery, they may say so. If Northerners hate it, they may so; and the Constitution protects each in the expression of his views. In the celebrated Union-as-it-was, which it seems we are going to have spite of the Vice-President, it was quite the other way. But in the Union-as-it-is we have got the gag out of our mouths. Nor does it look as if it were likely to be forced into any bold mouth on British soil! Of course, every man knows that it is the American pimps and panderers of slavery in England who, suborning a few natives of their own kind, endeavored to stop, by threats and open riot, the meetings which Mr. Beecher addressed. The old serpent dies hard. But its head being under the heel of civilization, religion, common sense, and common humanity, whether it dart its poison in a great rebellion, or wriggle in a riot, or hiss in Copperhead speeches at home, and brawling interruption of public meetings abroad, its convulsions are but the throes of death.—"*The Lounger*," *in Harper's Weekly.*

WHAT SHALL BE DONE WITH THE VACATED LANDS?

From The St. Louis Democrat.

THE following letter from a prominent officer in our army, now in the South, a graduate of West Point, and a man of comprehensive views, will be read with much interest. It opens up a subject of vast importance to the public—one which deserves far more attention than it has received. As the views of the writer are clearly and ably expressed, it is unnecessary for us to add anything by way of recommendation:

HEADQUARTERS DIST

not make timid a man who is thinking to come here. The cultivation for one year is enough to induce him to come. A man that takes only eighty acres can go back home at the end of the year with at least eight thousand dollars in his pocket—would be make one-tenth that by staying at home? See what you can do towards sending the thousands to our gold fields, and locating a large population on the banks of the Mississippi river. See Secretary Chase on the subject. Any man who has seen the emigrants going to California and Pike's peak knows the inducements and recommendation for coming here. Every officer I have spoken to on the subject favors it. Those who want to plant largely and be the future aristocrats here oppose it. Now is the time to change the destiny of this country. I hope you will work favorably and immediately for it.

Yours truly, ——.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1863.

CELEBRATION OF THE THIRD DECADE

OF THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

At the Annual Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society, held in the city of New York, in May last, it was unanimously

Resolved, That in accordance with usage, and from reasons of obvious fitness, it is proper that the completion of another Decade of the Society's existence should be marked by a special public meeting devoted to a general review and survey of the cause; and that therefore this Society, when it adjourns on this occasion, will adjourn to meet in the city of Philadelphia, on the third day of December next, then and there to celebrate, in an appropriate manner, the thirtieth—and we would fain hope the final—anniversary of its formation.

In accordance with this vote, the Executive Committee hereby announce that the THIRD DECADE of the Society will be held in Philadelphia, on THURSDAY and FRIDAY, Dec. 3d and 4th, 1863.

Historically, it will be an occasion of thrilling interest and joyous congratulation, unequalled in the eventful career of the Society since its formation. Unquestionably, it will be largely attended by the friends of universal liberty, representing every section of the country loyal to the government. Who among them will need any stronger appeal than the simple announcement of the fact to induce him to be present, if circumstances should permit? Let them make their arrangements accordingly. "Whosoever will, let him come"—come in the spirit of Justice and love—come as remembering those in bonds as bound with them—come as one abhorring "the guilty phantasy, that man can hold property in man"—come to put down the rebellion by helping to exterminate the hideous system from which it has legitimately sprung!

A strong array of able and eloquent speakers will be in attendance.

[Further particulars hereafter.]

In behalf of the Executive Committee,

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, *President.*

WENDELL PHILLIPS, CHARLES C. BURLEIGH, } *Secretaries.*

GEORGE THOMPSON.

We are sure that we shall give nothing but satisfaction to any of our readers, and the most sincere pleasure to most of them, when we announce that there is a speedy probability of seeing this faithful friend of the American slave once more among us. Every one who reads THE STANDARD knows how great are the obligations of the anti-slavery cause to him, on both sides of the Atlantic, while those of them who have had the happiness of his personal acquaintance will rejoice at the prospect of seeing his face once more. He may reckon on the warmest welcome which gratitude for his public services and the warmest friendship for his person can afford him. He has for some time contemplated this his third visit to this country; but its uncertainty made it advisable to withhold the announcement of its possibility. Now we believe that it is as certain an event as is consistent with human uncertainties, and that he may be looked for in the course of the next month. We regret to learn that it is not likely that he can arrive in season for the Decade Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society at Philadelphia. His presence on that occasion would give it an added interest, and be another motive for a large attendance on the part of its members and friends. But we trust that his visit will be long enough to enable him to renew all his old friendships, which the casualties of life have left him, and to form new ones with the younger generation who have come forward even since his last visit twelve or thirteen years ago.

We think that we speak within bounds when we say that there is no living man to whom the emancipated slaves, everywhere, will owe a greater debt of gratitude than to Mr. Thompson, after every bond shall have been broken. For his charity in behalf of the black man began at home. In the great agitation which preceded and compelled the emancipation of the West Indian slaves he bore a prominent and effectual part. The first fruits of his great talents as a public debater and platform speaker were laid upon the altar of West Indian freedom. When that was successfully achieved he did not regard his work as done. He looked beyond the boundaries of the British Empire and saw four times as many human beings still pining in chains within the domain of the daughter land as he had helped to set free in that of the mother country. He heard the voice of the American slave calling to him, as the Man of Macedonia did in vision to the Apostle, "Come over and help us!" And he was not disobedient to the entreaty. He came to the help of the American Anti-Slavery movement in the day of its small things, and he did much towards building it up to the day of its great things. In the performance of this duty, he literally took his life in his hand. The malignity of the spite with which he was pursued by the pro-slavery press, and the murderous violence with which he was hunted by the pro-slavery mobs of 1835, are hardly credible even by those whose memory runneth back to those evil times. It is generally known that the Boston mob of October 21st, in that year, was raised and directed against "the Englishman Thompson," and only accidentally directed against Mr. Garrison. Had Mr. Thompson been found, his life would not have been worth an hour's purchase. Such was the demoniac fury of that time that he had to leave the country privily to escape those who were lying in wait to slay him. But during the year of his abode among us at that time, his fresh and glowing eloquence was heard by gathering multitudes in the remoter districts, and helped largely to create that solid foundation of hatred to slavery which is the *fulcrum* on which the moral, political and military levers rest which are to heave the load from off the conscience of the nation.

Returned to England, in whatever position he found himself, in Parliament or on the platform of other reforms, he never failed in his fidelity to the American slave and to the friends of the slave. And in the year 1850 he revisited our shores once again, and did an excellent work in the anti-slavery field of that day. But it is the services he has rendered the country, since the breaking out of the rebellion, which form the latest and strongest claims to our gratitude. The value of those services can hardly be over-estimated, and we apprehend that there is no man in England to whom the preservation of peaceful relations with this country is more due than to Mr. Thompson. Though he has not made himself prominent in the measures he has promoted, preferring to put forward others whose general influence might be greater than his, we believe that the revival of the Anti-Slavery sentiment of England, politically and religiously, has been largely owing to his untiring exertions. For such service there is no man on the Eastern continent so well qualified. His knowledge of American affairs at large, and in particular wherever they are complicated with slavery, is absolutely complete. We are certain that there is no man in Europe, and we believe that there are but very few in America, so thoroughly well informed on American topics as he. Thoroughly acquainted with all the machinery of English government and society, he has been able to use the exact appliances necessary for the accomplishment of the particular necessity of each critical moment of our affairs in England. That there was a strong, overbearing disposition on the part of the governing classes there to throw the weight of England on the side of the rebellion, no one can doubt who has kept an eye on the press and the public speech of that country. Had those malign influences prevailed, and the blockade been broken, if not the independence of the Confederacy recognized, what a fearful difference it would have made in the present state of our affairs. That predisposition on the part of the landed interest, the manufacturers, the great lawyers, the merchants, and almost all that is potential in English politics, could only be counteracted by the counteracting public opinion of the middling and lower classes, of the dissenting interest, of the conscience and religious sense of the underlying masses. We believe that no man has known so well how to direct the machinery necessary to arouse these powers into action, and to give them a right direction, as Mr. Thompson. And what he has known to do he has done and done well.

We hold, therefore, that Mr. Thompson deserves a grateful and warm reception, should he accomplish his visit, not only from the Abolitionists, but from all who estimate aright the importance of the neutrality of England at the most urgent crisis of our affairs. That it was a very dubious matter at one time whether that neutrality, such as it has been, would be maintained, has been always clear to careful observers. That the popular demonstrations lately made have greatly aided, if they have not absolutely caused the adoption of neutrality as the settled policy of the government, is an equally well ascertained fact. And for the strength, the directness, the adaptedness of those demonstrations to the particular emergency, we have very largely to thank Mr. Thompson. We trust, therefore, that all Republicans, all War Democrats, all loyal men of every name, may unite with the Abolitionists in giving this true friend of America such a welcome as his great services have earned for him. And it would be a fitting reward for his life-long service to the American slaves, could his eyes be blest with the sight of their final and complete Emancipation.

MR. BEECHER'S RETURN.

HENRY WARD BEECHER was a passenger in the steamer Asia, which arrived in Boston on Saturday. He reached his home in Brooklyn early on Monday morning, coming through in the night train, thus avoiding the excitement which he would have been compelled to encounter at any other time, and taking his family and friends by surprise. He is in fine health and spirits, and will at once resume his pulpit and pastoral labors.

At Liverpool, on the day previous to his departure, the Emancipation Society gave him a Farewell Break. fast, at which a party of 200 ladies and gentlemen were present. The chair was occupied by Mr. C. Wilson, who delivered a congratulatory speech to Mr. Beecher, to which the latter made a felicitous and eloquent response. We can give only the closing passage:

"For the sake of civilization; for the sake of those glories of the Christian Church on earth which are dearer to me than all that I know; for the sake of Him whose blood I bear about, a perpetual cleansing, a perpetual cloud of strength and stimulation; for the sake of time and for the glories of eternity, I shall plead that mother and daughter, England and America, be found one in heart and one in purpose, following the bright banner of salvation, as, streaming abroad in the light of the morning, it goes round and round the earth, carrying the prophecy and the fulfilment together that 'The earth shall be the Lord's,' and that His glory shall fill it as the waters cover the sea (loud and prolonged cheering). And now my hours are moments, but I linger because it is pleasant. You have made yourselves so kind to me that my heart clings to you. I leave not strangers any longer—I leave friends behind (loud cheers). I shall probably never at my time of life—I am now fifty years of age, and at that time men seldom make great changes—I shall probably see England no more; but I shall never cease to see her. I shall never speak any more here, but I shall never cease to be heard in England as long as I live (cheers). Three thousand miles is not as wide now as your hand. The air is one great sounding gallery. What you whisper in your closet is heard in the infinite depths of heaven; what you do in your pulpits in England we hear in America, and what we do in our pulpits you hear and feel here; and so it shall be more and more. Across the [illegible] we shall stretch out hands of greeting to you, and speak words of peace and fraternal love. Let us not fail to hear 'Amen,' and the responsive greeting, whenever we call to you in fraternal love for liberty—for religion—for the Church of God. Farewell." (The reverend gentleman resumed his seat amidst enthusiastic applause).

At the close of this speech, an address of fraternity from the Welsh Non-compromists, was read to Mr. Beecher. The original was in Welsh, and in accepting it, Mr. Beecher said: "I understand every word that you speak, and I take you for every word, although I cannot, in looking on these in this address, recognize one single one of them except my own name, which stands in English. That is just the way I stand; for, sir, I am more than pleased to say that I owe no inconsiderable part of myself to the Welsh blood that is in my veins (cheers). Mary Roberts was my great-great-grandmother (loud cheers). She was as full-blooded a Welsh woman as ever loved sound theology and good nature (cheers). How much I owe to her, I have never yet been able to divine (laughter); but this I certainly owe to her, that whenever I see a Welsh man or a Welsh woman I can say, "Kindred, thou art of mine"; and that when I receive this welcome and fraternal expression of your feelings, it may be said more than in a figure, that it comes home, and that it is the Welsh speaking to the Welsh that is in me. I thank you, sir" (loud applause).

Mr. Beecher received a welcome from the members of his Church and congregation, in the form of a Sunday School Festival, on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. Plymouth Church, Lecture Room, etc., were elaborately decorated in evergreen and flowers for the occasion, and the building was thronged with people. Helmsmuller's Germania Band furnished music for the occasion. On Tuesday evening Mr. Beecher made an address, the principal portion of which we copy:

SPEECH OF REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Even if it had been expected, I could not make a speech to-night, for there are occasions in which the only expression one can give is that of silence. It is only six months since I have stood here, but I can truly say that there has not been a day—I might almost say, not an hour, in which I have not received accession to the pleasure of foreign travel and various experience, by backward-running thoughts; that I have carried you with me, and have been borne up everywhere by these recollections, and by that affection which never dies. I know not how it might have been in years, for time wears away at last the very stones, but certainly in so short a time as six months, I not only have lost no quickening of affection, but have gained. And, though I have had uninterrupted prosperity, scarcely a cloudy day on the shore—although in England, and France, and Switzerland, and Northern Italy, and Germany, and Belgium, where it pleased God to carry my feet—in all those places, though I have had prosperity day by day and night by night, I have not stood in a city or on a mountain top, nor in any gallery of pictures, nor among loveliest landscapes, that I was not home-sick. Not for a single moment have I thought backward without yearning and longing to be back again; and I say the truth—I lie not—I love this place, and this people, and this work, beyond all other things under the sun (tremendous applause.)

My first experience of foreign travel was in old England. We can all adopt the words, I think, of Cowper, and none so much as those who have been there,

"England, with all thy faults, I love thee still."

(Great applause). Nothing was more charming to me on leaving that arid ocean which some insane persons are pleased to praise—nothing struck me so much as the green fields, green trees, and exquisite lawns and plantations of England. And I wandered up and down through the midland counties, passing from east to west as far as I had leisure and opportunity, with pleasure that knew no abatement, but that grew with the hours. From thence I went into France, by way of Havre, Rouen, Paris, seeing, of course, the country, looking at the people, for I was denied any other privilege of intercourse than that (laughter), studying what could be studied by a superficial glance, glad to see Paris, gladder yet to leave it (laughter). I traversed the beautiful and vine-clad country between Paris and Strasbourg, and Luzerne, that sits like a jewel in the brow of the loveliest of vallies in Switzerland; and then that glorious three weeks experience in those ordained mountains on which God has laid his hand, and they are pure and white forever more—three such memorable weeks in Switzerland. The best wish I can give to you for mere physical and worldly things is may you live to go to Switzerland where good Americans shall go (laughter). And, then, out of Switzerland, where nature is so transcendently beautiful, and man so wretched, for of all wretched creatures I think I saw none more so than the Swiss: for although there are parts of Switzerland where men are men, there are valleys and regions through which the traveller is called to pass, where human life seems to me to be imprisonment and a drudgery, where disease devastates the understanding, where toil makes people prematurely old, where children are born a hundred years old, but not altogether in the Scripture meaning of the term: where one is sad to see a maiden because close behind her, closer than her own shadow, is that of decrepit womanhood that is dishonored and looks so wretched. From Switzerland, so glorious in physical things, and, with my experience, so sad in human things, I passed over to rejuvenating Italy. I was happier the moment I was on the further side of the Mt. Blanc pass. There is a glorious future for Italy. There is a splendid people; they have a grand stock; there is stamina there, and they need only education, religion and liberty to make again one of the people of the world. And I said at every league, All hail to Italy! (Applause.) And so I passed on from waking and living Northern Italy through Piedmont till I struck the Austrian dominions, and then slumber fell upon that fair land; and in Venice, the city dreamed of the past and despaired of the future, and I was as one in a dream, full of glorious memories and full of a wretched present. Thence I retraced my steps turning north into Tyrol, with a Catholic population, yet simple and patriarchal, presenting many of the most interesting spectacles that I observed in all my foreign travels, and rapidly through Germany, touching principally the capitals and cities, that I might see the creations of art, to Belgium, and back to England; and let me say that when at last I struck the shore of England again, although I had received displeasure when I was there in the forepart of Summer, I breathed freer, and said, "After all, thank God for England" (applause); for there is, with their rugged faults, with their wrong-headedness, with the many things that just at this crisis offend us in their national character—not that which is as among the French and many Continental nations—not that which is so prepossessing, so polished—in England; but there, after all, is a foundation of truth and of manliness in their national character, and I felt that I came back among men, and our own sort of men, too, brought up under different circumstances and influences. I was glad to be back again in England; and although my own welcome there was rather equivocal (laughter), it made no difference; and I think that when I left England I liked her still better—not her wrong-headedness, not that corruption among her commercial classes which is the parallel of the corruption in our own country in years past, by barbarous interests through slavery, but the better England. I appeal from England misinformed to England better informed and reated.

When I landed at last upon our shores I felt as every one of you has always felt that has been abroad. I have reached, after all, the clime and the land and the people that I most love; I am back again, it is home. There is no other word in our tongue, no expression in the English language, that can give expression to the feelings which one has, after many days and months of absence, again to greet his native land, and be brought back in health; to have all that I had left still preserved to me, so soon after my arrival to be greeted by this goodly pleasure, to feel that I am in the home of homes, in the midst of my own brethren and the church where I have for so many years labored; this is joy upon joy, and I am devoutly thankful, and here in the presence of the Lord and among his people, I record my thanksgiving and my vows of fidelity for the future. I thank you for your kindness, I ask your remembrance of me not only in love toward me, but in love toward that cause that we both serve. Pray for me, with me; labor with me, that at last we may together enter into that rest which hath no sea and no earthly disturbance, where all shall be peace forever (loud and enthusiastic applause).

THE PRESIDENT'S HYMN.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: Inclosed you will find a hymn written by our beloved and revered fellow-citizen, Dr. Muhlenberg, founder of St. Luke's Hospital, and writer of the immortal hymn, "I would not live alway." Will you not give it a place in your columns, and use your editorial influence to induce our people throughout the loyal States to sing it in the churches on the approaching Thanksgiving, as "The President's Hymn"?

It has a right to that designation. It is, as a comparison of the two will prove, a metrical version of the President's proclamation, which this year, for the first time, makes our "Harvest Home" a national festival—a significant and blessed augury of that "more perfect Union" with which, with God's blessing, the war shall leave us as a people.

Solicitous to have the highest authority given to the use of this National hymn, I obtained the reluctant consent of its writer (author also of the music to which it is set) to ask our Chief Magistrate's permission to style it "The President's Hymn." The Secretary of State, through whom the application was made, telegraphed me a few hours afterward the President's leave, in the decisive style which has now become so familiar to our people—"Let it be so called." May we not hope that millions of our people will, on November 26, be found uniting in this National Psalm of Thanksgiving, and that "The President's Hymn" will be the household and the temple song of that solemn and joyful day? It will help to join our hearts as citizens, thus to blend our voices as worshippers; and the blessings of Union, Liberty and Peace will sooner descend on a people that can thus unite in its praise and hosannahs.

Respectfully yours, HENRY W. BELLOWS.

GIVE THANKS ALL YE PEOPLE.

Give thanks, all ye people, give thanks to the Lord,
Alleluias of freedom, with joyful accord:
Let the East and the West, North and South roll along,
Sea, mountain and prairie, one thanksgiving song.

Chorus after each verse:

Give thanks, all ye people, give thanks to the Lord,
Alleluias of freedom, with joyful accord.

For the sunshine and rainfall, enriching again
Our acres in myriads, with treasures of grain;
For the Earth still unloading her manifold wealth,
For the Skies beaming vigor, the Winds breathing health,
Give thanks, etc.—

For the Nation's wide table, o'erflowingly spread,
Where the many have feasted, and all have been fed,
With no bondage, their God-given rights to enthrall,
But liberty guarded by Justice for all:
Give thanks, etc.—

In the realms of the Anvil, the Loom, and the Plow,
Whose the mines and the fields, to Him gratefully bow;
His the flocks and the herds, sing ye hill-sides and vales;
On His Ocean domains chant His name with the gales.
Give thanks, etc.—

Of commerce and traffic, ye princes, behold
Your riches from Him Whose the silver and gold,
Happier children of Labor, true lords of the soil,
Bless the Great Master-Workman, who blesseth your toil.
Give thanks, etc.—

Brave men of our forces, Life-guard of our coasts,
To your Leader be loyal, Jehovah of Hosts:
Glow the Stripes and the Stars aye with victory bright,
Reflecting His glory—He crowneth the Right.
Give thanks, etc.—

Nor shall ye through our borders, ye stricken of heart,
Only wailing your dead, in the [illegible] have no part:
God's solace be yours, and for [illegible] there shall flow
All that honor and sympathy's gifts can bestow.
Give thanks, etc.—

In the Domes of Messiah—ye worshipping throngs,
Solemn litanies mingle with jubilant songs;
The Ruler of Nations beseeching to spare,
And our Empire still keep the Elect of His care.
Give thanks, etc.—

Our guilt and transgressions remember no more;
Peace, Lord! righteous Peace, of Thy gift we implore;
And the Banner of Union, restored by Thy hand,
Be the Banner of Freedom o'er All in the Land.
And the Banner of Union, etc.
Give thanks, etc.—

Copies of "The President's Hymn" can be had at $2 a hundred, of A. D. F. Randolph, publisher, No. 683 Broadway. Churches, by ordering a few hundred, can have the Hymn (with which the music is printed) sung by the whole congregation. Profits of the sale devoted to the Sanitary Commission.

New York, Nov. 17, 1863.

MISSOURI.—We have news from this State of the most cheering character. It will be remembered that the Republicans elected a majority of the members of the Legislature last year, but that, in consequence of a division between the Radicals and the Conservatives of the party (the latter being led by Frank Blair), there was a failure to elect U. S. Senators. Last week the Legislature assembled again. The Blair Republicans having generally voted with the Cooperhead Democracy in the recent election, there were fears that the two would conspire together for the choice of Senators. But Radicalism had gained so much in the State in the last year, that the Blair faction dared not longer defy its power. Instead of uniting with the Copperheads, they united with the Radicals in electing to the Senate B. Gratz Brown; after which the Radicals returned the compliment by helping *them* to elect John B. Henderson, who will, probably, in time to come, under the instruction of the people of Missouri, be true to the cause of freedom. It seems probable now that the Radicals, in spite of the opposition of the Administration, carried the State in the recent election for Judges of the Supreme Court. Returns from 91 Counties, with soldiers' votes as far as received, show a Radical majority of 593. There are 12 Counties to be heard from. The soldiers voted almost *en masse* for the Radical ticket. The gentleman who took their votes at Chattanooga says they voted *under the fire of the enemy's guns.* As the men gathered together and deposited their ballots, the rebel shells were exploding all about them. Three hundred and twenty-seven of them cast their votes, *and every one of them for the Radical ticket.*

MRS. GAGE TO HER FRIENDS.

IN my last letter to THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD I promised an account of my stewardship, as the dispenser of the charities of the numerous friends of the Freedmen of Paris Island. In accordance with that promise, I will state, very briefly, the condition of affairs at the time of my leaving the Island on the 14th of October.

We found remaining on our hands, of the refuse of all the goods which had been sent to us, about two hundred and fifty dollars worth, according to the marked prices. These were mostly Summer clothing for children, light articles and unsaleable ones, small-sized Summer shoes, etc.—most of which will probably have to be kept over the Winter, or given away, as emergencies may arise.

These goods were boxed and given into the hands of Miss Ada Williams and Miss Mary E. Gage, who have taken them to Hilton Head, where there is quite as much call for them as among the people of Paris Island, who have now in most instances their own means of support.

During the sickly season large demands, in small items, were made upon our resources. The people, wholly unused to caring for themselves, under such circumstances, had nothing laid by for a time of need. Up to July, 1863, the government provided them with a physician and medicines. These being withdrawn, it became our duty to supply the needy. Those who have had sickness and death in their own houses will have no need of details in this matter; but no well-arranged family can possibly conceive the comfort to us or the blessing to those poor people, flowing from these charities.

Money taken for goods was expended in very many ways. A drawing of tea, a bit of soap, a candle, a handful of crackers, a little salt, mustard for poultices, molasses, rice, sugar, salts, oil, farina, arrowroot, a bit of flannel for rheumatism, a bit of cotton for bandage, a piece of cotton for a shroud; but I pause in the enumeration. These things, called for every hour in the day, soon made true the old adage, that many a little makes a mickle. Only one living among them can know of their destitution in time of sickness. In master's time, he supplied every article they were allowed to have, and they, of course, have not yet learned the lesson of true independence.

As the season advanced the aged people made demands on us for clothing, which was gratuitously supplied in every worthy case; and we left the Island with a consciousness that your charities had been an unmeasured blessing to these people, and a hope that our labors had not been in vain.

As near as we could estimate the amount, our original capital was near six hundred dollars as gained from the sale of the first boxes sent, and the donations during my visit North in June. Four hundred dollars of this was used two or three times over, and although we gained nothing on the original sum, our profits helped to supply the needs of the destitute, and enabled us to save four hundred dollars for any future demand of the Freedmen in their transition from slavery into freedom.

Already the cry of distress from the valley of the Mississippi pains our ears, and after consultation with those staunch friends of the Freedmen, Oliver and Mary Anne Johnson, whose efforts have been the mainspring of our work, it was decided to donate goods to the sufferers of Vicksburg, amounting to seventy-three dollars. For the care and labor in receiving, packing, and forwarding goods, we should return our most sincere thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Johnson.

The remainder of the money saved from the sale of the goods to the Freedmen will be retained by Mr. and Mrs. Johnson and myself, as a self-constituted committee, to be used whenever and wherever we shall see the most pressing need.

It may not be amiss to state that some losses were incurred by casualties of transportation, damage to goods exposed to heavy rains upon the docks, thefts and otherwise.

Hoping that this statement may be satisfactory to those who generously trusted me, thankful for the past and hopeful for the future, I am truly yours,

FRANCES D. GAGE.

New York, Nov. 8, 1863.

VOTING—NON-RESISTANCE.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

I DESIRE to call the attention of the thoughtful to certain portions of the letter of the Philadelphia correspondent, contained in THE STANDARD of October 24. He says, "the ballot and the bullet are not, as has been asserted, essentially the same thing; and to vote for a candidate for Governor does not necessarily imply approval of the foundation principle of the government."

These assertions, which seem to have been intended to justify the abandonment of the principle of non-resistance by all the professors of it known to the writer, it would have been well to have accompanied by some show of reason why the ballot and the bullet are not the same in principle, and *why* voting for any candidate does not imply approval of the foundation principle of the government? A question which has been so carefully examined by many of the best minds, intellectually and morally, which have existed within a century or more of time, and which has so largely influenced their conduct, cannot be settled decisively, by the mere affirmation, however positive, of any one, when left wholly unsupported by reason or logic.

It is no way surprising, in the peculiar condition of the country, and with the immense and various influences which have wrought upon them, that many who have heretofore made profession of the principle of non-resistance, and who thought their faith in it was permanently and unchangeably fixed, should apostatize. Everywhere, so far as I have the means of knowing, the number which has refused to succumb to these influences is extremely small. But *it is* surprising that any intelligent person should continue to style them "non-resistants," and it would be interesting to learn whether the aged friend spoken of, or any other, who abandoned the principle at the recent election, considers himself entitled to the appellation? It would seem that if any do, they afford evidence that they have professed faith in a principle which they have never understood, and therefore could not be expected to maintain under the pressure of a searching temptation.

The writer, in characterizing the election by the people of government officials, says: "They used to be an annual terror to all good men; a source of degradation and corruption to the public. Now the very best people we have participate in them with pleasure, and they are being made the means of national enlightenment and purification." Here, again, I would invite the reflecting, and among them these "very best people," to consider the possibility of the change which has given occasion of this remark having come through retrogression in themselves, rather than a positive advance in virtue of the elements of political action. To consider whether, although upon the question of holding human beings as chattels there *seems* to be an advance, there is not evidence of a greater general demoralization of the people than has ever been known before in this nation? Whether the teachings of Christianity, which advise us that we may never do evil that good may come of it, and the inculcations of reason, that every effect necessarily partakes of the nature of its cause, as much in the moral as in the physical world, do not testify that this demoralization is an inevitable consequence of the events daily transpiring? I judge of this matter both by experience and observation. I feel and know in my own self that association with society, in its present condition, and the influence upon me of surrounding circumstances, have a steady demoralizing influence. I witness the same in others, in a lesser or greater degree, as they participate more or less in the shaping of current events, and in most, to a fearful extent. And in my poor judgment, instead of the elections having become less the subject of reprobation, those who now participate in them who formerly stood aloof have become more corrupt and thereby prepared to do now that which once their consciences forbade. I do not wish to be uncharitable, to criticize others with greater severity than I judge myself, and I ask affectionately of the class alluded to, now the whirlwind has passed by, that they seriously reconsider their position, and decide whether they have not been led into error in the premises.

Marlboro, O., Oct. 26, 1863. A. BROOKE.

PERSONAL.

"The Way of Peace" is the subject of a lecture prepared for the present season by George W. Curtis, Esq.

Hon. Charles Sumner has been forced by the pressure of private business to cancel all his engagements to lecture this season.

The author of the Ode on the Boston Organ, recited by Miss Cushman and published by us last week, is not Mrs. Howe, but Mrs. James T. Fields.

Henry Giles, the popular lecturer, passed through this city, during last week, *en route* for St. Louis, where he is to deliver a course of three lectures before the Mercantile Library Association.

Frances D. Gage left the city on Wednesday for Syracuse, in which place and its neighborhood she has several engagements for lecturing. Letters for her should be still addressed to our care, 48 Beekman street, New York.

Edward Everett left Boston on Sunday evening on his way to Gettysburg, in order to have an opportunity to survey the localities before the delivery of his oration, on Thursday, at the consecration of the National Cemetery.

Rev. A. T. Foss is lecturing in New Hampshire, with Jeff. Davis's late coachman for a helper. In a letter to Mr. Garrison he says: "'The coachman' drives beautifully; having at three different places appeared to great advantage, quite throwing me into the shade."

It is said that Mr. Thurlow Weed has purchased a large tract of land opposite Fort Washington, on the Jersey bank of the Hudson, and intends to make it his home. If he makes his residence there, he will be nearer James Gordon Bennett in body as well as in spirit.

Mrs. J. S. Griffing and Mrs. Cutler, the two western agents of the Women's Loyal National League, attended lately the great Fair at Chicago, and met with a most cordial reception. They enrolled 3,000 names at the Fair on the great Petition which the Women's League intends to present to Congress.

George W. Rose, 101 Liberty st., has published a beautiful photograph of the Rev. J. W. Massie, D.D., of London, whose recent visit to this country for an important object in connection with the anti-slavery cause will be long remembered by those who were so fortunate as to make his acquaintance.

A visitor, congratulating Mr. Lincoln on the prospect of his reëlection, was answered by that indefatigable story-teller with an anecdote of an Illinois farmer, who undertook to blast his own rocks. His first effort at producing an explosion proved a failure. He explained the cause by exclaiming, "Pshaw, this powder has been shot once before!"

The Friends' Review of Philadelphia says: "We are glad to learn that, through the kind mediation of Isaac Newton, Commissioner of Agriculture, Peter Dakin, Lindley M. Macomber and Cyrus G. Prindle, of Vermont, and Edward W. Holway and Charles G. S. Austin of Massachusetts, who were drafted and taken to Washington, have been released from military service, on their parole, by order of the Secretary of War."

The Paris correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Garibaldi's wounded foot is cured and is no longer an obstacle to locomotion. There remains a little restraint in the lateral movements of the foot, but none in its flexion or extension. The General's health in other respects is sufficiently solid to enable him to take the field whenever he chooses."

E. D. and Anna T. Draper of Hopedale, Mass., have pledged themselves to contribute to the treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS *per month, for at least five months*, to sustain lecturing agents in the work of proclaiming to this nation the duty of the immediate and unconditional emancipation of all who are in bondage, as its only hope of continued existence. Just like them!

The Baltimore correspondent of *The Evening Post*, as a gratifying evidence of the rapid spread of anti-slavery sentiment in Baltimore since the first of October, states that the Ladies Union Relief Association of that city has elected Mrs. Henry Winter Davis as its President *vice* Mrs. Reverdy Johnson, resigned. He also says that, previous to the appearance of McClellan's letter endorsing that arch-Pennsylvania traitor Woodward, the portrait of the former hung up in the room of the association. After that two holes developed themselves suddenly. Its next fate was its removal.

The President of the Sanitary Commission, Rev. Dr. Bellows, acknowledges in an eloquent letter the gift of $8,267 29 to the friends of the Commission, by Miss Charlotte Cushman, being the proceeds of five dramatic representations. Dr. Bellows says:

"It is due to Miss Cushman to say that this extraordinary gift of money, so magically evoked by her spell, is but the least part of the service which, ever since our war began, she has been rendering our cause in Europe. Her earnest faith in the darkest hours, her prophetic confidence in our success, her eloquent patriotism, in all presences, have been potent influences abroad, and deserve and command the gratitude of the whole nation."

Whittier's new volume of poems, published in "blue and gold" by Ticknor and Fields, is thus dedicated to Samuel E. Sewall and Harriet W. Sewall of Montrose:

Olor Iscanus queries: "Why should we
Vex at the land's ridiculous miserie?"
So on his Usk banks, in the blood-red dawn
Of England's civil strife, did careless Vaughan
Bemock his times. O friends of many years!
Though faith and trust are stronger than our fears,
And the signs promise peace with liberty,
Not thus we trifle with our country's tears
And sweat of agony. The future's gain
Is certain as God's truth; but, meanwhile, pain
Is bitter and tears are salt; our voices take
A sober tone; our very household songs
Are heavy with a nation's griefs and wrongs;
And innocent mirth is chastened for the sake
Of the brave hearts that nevermore shall beat—
The eyes that smile no more, the unreturning feet!

In the account of moneys received at the great Fair in Chicago, for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission, stands this item: "Miss Dickinson's lecture $1,000." She spoke several times in that city, to the great acceptance of large audiences. The Chicago *Tribune* says: "She is a born orator. She has a mind that can grapple with the most subtle arguments—a voice of rare sweetness, strength and endurance—and a combination of powers that never fails to magnetize the most careless audience. It is not to her prejudice to say that her oratory is open to criticism—that she violates some of the rules which govern some of our highly educated speakers. Her whole style is original—not faultless, but yet most effective." She will speak at Yonkers on the Hudson on Tuesday evening next.

Says the Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette*: "Montgomery Blair is understood to have said that his brother Frank is not a candidate for Speaker He would have been a great fool if he had been a candidate after the Maryland election, which sealed the hopes of any possibility of uniting the Peace Democrats, Border State men and weak-kneed Administration men, to get a majority. Besides, it is understood effective measures have lately been taken to make Gen. Blair, as well as his brother, understand that their warfare on the Administration, from within the Administration ranks, had better be stopped. It is now stated that Gen. Blair will not be here at all unless his vote should be necessary to aid the Administration in organizing the House, but will resign his seat in order to take command of a corps in Grant's army."

The rebel journals are very sore under the appointment of Gen. Butler to the command in the Department of Virginia and North Carolina. The Richmond *Examiner* says:

"It may not be useless to recall to mind that the Confederate government, not taking the same view of Butler's acts as his own countrymen, proclaimed him an outlaw, and required that he should be executed by any officer into whose hands he might happen to fall. The proclamation remains in full force at the present day, and we have thought fit to refresh the memory of all Southern officers in this neighborhood, by its republication in the present number of the Richmond *Examiner*. That he should assume command so close to the Confederate Capital, with the sentence hanging over him, smacks a little of bravado. He will, no doubt, use all those wise precautions for his personal safety which he has been accustomed to take; yet it is not impossible that his vigilance may be found at fault on some occasion, and it would make a pleasing and appropriate termination to his career if the soil of Virginia, which witnessed his disgraceful defeat in his first essay of arms, should provide the scaffold in which he should meet the merited retribution of his crimes."

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 16, 1863.

THE news that Missouri has been carried by "the Radicals" is too good to be true. It administers a tremendous blow to the Conservatives here, in and outside of the Cabinet. This is the way of the current now all along the border line. Slavery is doomed by the action of the people themselves. The *loyal* people I mean, of course. Missouri has a majority of legal voters in favor of *immediate* emancipation! If anybody could have made a prediction including such a result two years ago, he would probably have been sent to a mad house, and if it had been done in a border State, some of Mr. Lincoln's Generals at that time would have been just the men ready to commit the outrage. Maryland has a Legislature, the majority of which favors the calling of a Constitutional Convention for the purpose of abolishing slavery at once. Yet this miraculous work was done with three members of the Cabinet against it, and the Administration itself non-committal upon the issue so far as it was between immediate and gradual emancipation. In Missouri the Blairs, Bates and the President were all against the Radicals, and yet it is said they have triumphed.

It is an interesting time in Washington just now in reference to this subject, for the President is undoubtedly looking at it very carefully and making up his mind as to his future policy on the slavery question. I believe, from some facts which have come to my knowledge, that he will henceforth advocate immediate emancipation—not that he will endeavor to force this doctrine upon the people of the border slave States, but that he will endeavor to encourage the Immediate Emancipationists in Missouri and in Maryland. There is no doubt that the President is rejoiced at the result in Maryland and Missouri. His policy on this slavery question from the beginning has been to follow rather than to lead public sentiment. He evidently thinks that it is the safer course for him to pursue. I think now that he is convinced that in supporting the so-called Radicals of Missouri and Maryland, he is only paying deserved respect to the public sentiment of the free States. I look, therefore, to a change for the better in the policy of the President and the entire Administration during the Winter and the year to follow.

The slavery question will be "agitated" again in Congress this Winter, without a doubt. The members from Maryland and Missouri, and probably from Delaware, will ask aid to enable them to provide for immediate emancipation in their respective States. Republican votes can be obtained more easily for an appropriation from the National Treasury to secure immediate emancipation than to aid in the plans of the Conservatives, which postpone emancipation for a number of years. Upon such questions, of course, the votes taken in the House will be very close. Not more than five or six votes can be relied upon as a steady majority on this class of subjects. They are enough to secure the passage of every important measure, but not without constant vigilance.

There has been a good deal of talk of changing the Conscription Act in some of its provisions, and it has come to be generally understood that among other changes the $300 exemption clause will be struck out. There is, however, a very strong opposition to this proposed measure growing up in Republican circles, and also among the Radicals of the border States. They assert that the Conscription Act, in its present shape, with more drafts for troops, will, in less than a year, destroy slavery in Missouri, Maryland, Delaware, Kentucky and Tennessee. There are five slave States which can be made free through the Conscription Act just as it is. In all these States the government is quite willing to receive colored troops in lieu of white. Every master who will furnish a recruit is paid $300, and the slave obtains his liberty. It is a cash transaction, and a very fair bargain for the master, as prices range on the border. Abolish the $300 exemption clause, and the War Department has no authority to offer the $300 bounty to the master. It was this very act which Senator Wilson drew up which abolished slavery in Maryland, or rather, for this is getting on a little too fast, it was this act which gave the Radicals a majority in that State. The white mechanics and laboring men of the State opened their eyes to the disgraceful position they were forced to occupy through the domineering disposition of the slaveholders of the State and the laws they framed in former years. Senator Wilson, I hear, will oppose any change in the

LECTURES BEFORE THE WOMEN'S LOYAL NATIONAL LEAGUE.

The first of a series of meetings of the Women's Loyal National League was held at the Cooper Institute on Monday evening. The Rev. Dr. Bellows presided and delivered an appropriate introductory address, in which he expressed his hearty concurrence and deep interest in the special objects of the League. Horace Greeley made a brief, but very earnest and sensible address, and was followed by Mrs. Frances D. Gage, who gave a very interesting and satisfactory account of her experience and observation among the Freedmen of South Carolina. She made a very happy impression upon the audience by her candor, discrimination, good sense, and evident sincerity. We hope she will have an opportunity hereafter to speak in this city to a larger audience than that which heard her on this occasion.

On Friday evening of this week the Hon. Wm. D. Kelley of Philadelphia will deliver a lecture before the League. He will be followed on Monday evening next by E. P. Whipple of Boston; on Tuesday evening, Dec. 1, by Frederick Douglass; and by George W. Curtis and Wendell Phillips, at times to be hereafter announced.

We hope the friends of freedom in this city will attend these meetings in full force. Their object is the discussion of the all-absorbing topics of the day by stirring, living lectures, and the developing and establishing a just conception of the true theory of Union and Liberty.

OBITUARY.

We are pained by intelligence of the decease of our beloved and venerated friend, JOSEPH MERRITT, of Battle Creek, Mich. The tribute which our heart would pay to his memory is well expressed in the following extracts of a letter from Henry C. Wright to *The Liberator*, under date, Battle Creek, Oct. 28.

I reached here from Chicago yesterday. I have been here often the past eighteen years, and have ever made my home with Joseph and Phebe Merritt. I started from the station to go to that home of love and humanity—"where God delights to dwell"—but before I reached the house, I learned that Joseph Merritt had entered "within the veil." This he did, last Saturday, Oct. 24th. He was 71 years old. I cannot say his work is done—I do not believe it is. He has much to do yet to save this country from slavery, war, intemperance, wrong and outrage—and he will do it. To this end he has labored long with a devotion, an earnestness, boldness and consistency, rarely equalled, and never surpassed—his life being judged by his opportunities. But his work in the exterior, corporeal life is all done, and well done. Joseph Merritt was a good man. He was *great* in goodness. So loving, so gentle, so tender, so kind, patient and forgiving to all; so true and so devoted to God, as made known in the depths of his own soul; so unostentatious in his goodness, and so self-sacrificing! His spirit surrounds and fills his home. His *wife*, not merely his *widow*, and his children, feel that he is not dead, but lives; they feel, not that he is departed and gone, but that he is still in their midst, to bless them with his love and gentleness. With him it is and ever has been a living truth, that the soul is fed and made rich by giving itself out in love and sympathy—while *we starve our souls by keeping them to ourselves.*

He heard the death-knell of slavery before he left the body. He saw in the rebellion an act of Emancipation to four million of slaves, and in the Proclamation a pledge of the "civil and military power of the republic" to secure and maintain their freedom. Few men were endowed with so clear an *intuitional* knowledge of the true, the great, and the noble, and with so keen a perception of moral beauty, as he was. His power to see and feel the moral conditions of all who came near him was truly great. But he was confiding as a child, and it pained him to distress any one.

Joseph Merritt was born a member of the Society of Friends—was trained to their modes of thinking and worship, and had been for many years a faithful and earnest minister among them. Yet Progression has long been his life's motto and law, and he was not only true to his present light, but ever had his mind open to receive new light, from whatever source it might come. His soul had long been freed from the trammels of external *authority*, and true only to internal conviction. His own soul was the manger in which his Savior was born; and he felt that no thing or being, outside of himself, could ever be of use to him until born within him. He worshipped God as revealed in his own soul, and felt that no power could help him to a truer and nobler life till it became a part of himself.

The body of Joseph Merritt was taken to the meeting-house, where J. M. Peebles gave an address peculiarly adapted to the occasion and the man. Thence it was taken to the cemetery, and laid in its appropriate place. "Trust in God and in me"—a sentiment uttered by Jesus—was the basis of the discourse. Joseph Merritt believed and lived out the idea that to love man is to love God, that faith in humanity is faith in God, and that what he did to man he did to God. *He only gives his heart to God who gives it to man.*

I have seen many dead human bodies; but, as I looked on the lifeless form of Joseph Merritt, *lying* in its usual clothing on a lounge, his face so serene, so sweet and peaceful in expression, I felt like exclaiming, in the language of another—"O Death! where is thy sting? O Grave! where is thy victory?" "I could not make him dead."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE NATION'S PRAYER: A Song for Thanksgiving Day. Words by Wm. H. Burleigh, music by Wm. Henry Burr. Published in sheet form by Horace Waters, 481 Broadway, and sold at 5 cents single; $3 per 100.

The words are excellent; of the music we are less competent to judge, but friends who have heard it say it also is good. It will be sang, we understand, in many churches on Thursday next. *The Herald of Progress* says: "We have heard this song, as sung by our Dodworth's Hall Choir, and do not hesitate to recommend it to all public and private singers as most inspiring and appropriate. It deserves to be sung in ten thousand churches on the 26th inst., and to be reechoed from one hundred thousand home-firesides. When in the progress of events these words shall be outlived, the music deserves other and more permanent ones to perpetuate its inspiring notes."

THE NUTSHELL: The System of Slavery Tested by Scripture. In two Lectures. By a Layman of the Protestant Episcopal Church. New York: Published for the Author.

We hardly know where we could find, in the short compass of 72 duodecimo pages, so complete a handbook of anti-slavery facts and arguments as this, fitly called "The Nutshell." The author is understood to be J. E. Woodworth, Esq., of New London, Ct. We have seen a certificate from the Rev. Dr. Tyng, in which it is commended as a complete refutation of the pro-slavery heresies of the Bishop Hopkins school, and on that account specially worthy of circulation at the present time.

BISHOP HOPKINS'S LETTER ON SLAVERY RIPPED UP, and his Misuse of the Sacred Scriptures Exposed. By a Clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church. New York: John F. Trow, 50 Greene street.

The author of this pamphlet has well performed his task. The Bishop's foolish letter is indeed "ripped up" most effectually. That a Bishop of a professedly Christian Church should stand forth in defence of slavery at this day is strange enough, but the ignorance displayed by Bishop Hopkins is stranger still, and places him at the mercy of even the humblest critic.

THE ANTI-TOBACCO JOURNAL for November contains the usual variety of short, pithy articles, exposing the evil effects upon health and manners of chewing, smoking and snuffing tobacco. We give the titles: Reasons for publishing this Journal; Memoranda of my War on Tobacco; A Dream; A Word from the Doctor and his Wife; Startling Calculations; A Voice from Dr. Jewett; A Lady's Appeal to the Smoker; the Young Tobacco-chewer Cured; a Noble Tar Resolving to take the Pledge; Schools and Teachers; the Pulpit Divorced from the Temperance Cause; In Memoriam; The Army and Navy Tracts. Fitchburg, Mass., Rev. George Trask, Editor and Publisher.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW for October (American Edition, L. Scott & Co., 38 Walker st.) contains ten articles, with the following titles: Queensland; Gregorovius's Mediæval Rome; Cadastral Survey of Great Britain; Macknight's Life of Lord Bolingbroke; Austin on Jurisprudence; The Royal Academy; Chinchona Cultivation in India; Phillimore's Reign of George III; Tara—a Mahratta Tale; The Colonial Episcopate.

THE NEW YORK MEDICAL COLLEGE FOR WOMEN.—The New York Medical College for Women was incorporated by the Legislature at its last session, and has already gone into successful operation. The first term commenced on the 19th of October, and will close on the 18th of February next. An able Faculty has been organized, and the facilities for scientific instruction are ample, both in respect to lectures and apparatus, and in the chemical department. Among its patrons are many of our best citizens, and it has a fair chance of attaining popularity. Mrs. Maria L. Oscanyan, No. 37 Lafayette place, the Corresponding Secretary of the Board of Trustees, will answer all business communications.

"PROCLAIM LIBERTY THROUGHOUT ALL THE LAND."

The Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society congratulate its members and friends that, through the madness, rebellion, and secession of the South, avowedly in behalf of its Heaven-accursed and world-abhorred slave system—involving the country in a civil war of the hugest proportions and the most sanguinary character, which still continues its desolating work—the constitutional powers of the Federal government are now ample to decree the immediate and total abolition of slavery. They believe that, as a measure of national peace and unity, of humanity and justice, such a decree should be passed by the ensuing Congress at as early a period in the session as practicable—thus not only sustaining the Emancipation proclamation of President Lincoln of January 1st, 1863, but also effectually disposing of that remnant of the slave institution which was exempted by the proclamation aforesaid, in such a manner as may seem most equitable and expedient by Congress.

The warrant for this procedure is to be found in the still greatly imperilled state of the republic, and in the legitimate functions of the government that may be exercised in such an alarming crisis. By common law, an individual has the right of self-defence by all means recognized by that law. In view of international law, a nation is an individual, and has the right of self-defence by all means recognized by that law; one of those means being the destruction of any dynasty or institution that imperils national life. Slavery has struck at the life of the nation, and declared its own existence incompatible with that of the nation. Hence the nation, acting through its official organs, has the right to abolish slavery throughout its dominions; and past events demonstrate alike the necessity and duty of exercising this right without delay and without compromise.

The Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society, therefore, deeply impressed with the importance of a general cooperation of the friends of impartial liberty at this time, in order to influence and secure the action of Congress in the manner described, hereby announce, that they have resolved to put forthwith into the lecturing field as many agents as the funds of the Society will warrant, whose sole work shall be to enlighten the public mind on this subject, stimulate to a wide-spread movement in favor of universal emancipation, and thus make the recurrence of another SLAVEHOLDERS' REBELLION an impossible event.

To sustain and increase the number of these agents, the Committee solicit the generous contribution and donations of all who desire to see the speedy suppression of the war, and in the fullest sense "LIBERTY AND UNION" made, "ONE AND INSEPARABLE."

In furtherance of this patriotic and Christian object, the "Woman's Loyal National League" at New York has taken the field, in advance, to procure to a petition to the next Congress, for the total abolition of slavery, A MILLION OF SIGNATURES on the part of the loyal women of the republic. It deserves all possible encouragement and success, and we shall extend to it the heartiest cooperation. But let the loyal MEN be equally zealous and resolved to be as potentially heard in the same manner, by the same body. Let such a petition be sent to Congress from every city, town, village and hamlet in all the loyal States. No time is to be lost. "*One last, best effort now!*"

The Treasurer of the American Anti-Slavery Society is WILLIAM I. BOWDITCH, Esq., 8 Railroad Exchange, Boston, Mass. Donations may also be sent to OLIVER JOHNSON, Esq., Anti-Slavery Office, 48 Beekman street, New York, and to J. MILLER MCKIM, Anti-Slavery Office, 106 North Tenth street, Philadelphia, Pa.

☞ Editors of newspapers friendly to the object here announced, are respectfully requested to insert this announcement in their columns.

WOMEN'S PETITION FOR EMANCIPATION.

We give below the form of petition adopted by the Women's National Loyal League. If any of our readers are not otherwise supplied, they can copy this on a sheet of paper and commence at once the work of obtaining signatures.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States:

(Men)

The Undersigned, Women of the United States above the age of eighteen years, earnestly pray that your Honorable Body will pass, at the earliest practicable day, an Act emancipating all persons of African descent held to involuntary service or labor in the United States.

Name.	*Residence.*

When the sheet is filled, add others of the same width to the foot of it, with paste or mucilage. The signatures should be by the persons themselves, or else written at their request. Add, at close of each petition, the number of signatures contained, and name of Town, County and State whence it comes. Return to Women's National Loyal League, 20 Cooper Institute, New York.

N.B.—As this petition will not be presented till after next December 12, all who will then be eighteen years old have a right to sign it.

PHOTOGRAPHS—large size—of the following persons for sale at this office, price 75 cents:

THEODORE D. WELD,
WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON,
OLIVER JOHNSON,
THEODORE TILTON.

The likenesses are pronounced excellent—that of Mr. Weld especially.

CORRECTION.—A provoking typographical blunder mars the fine poem of Mrs. Gage on the fourth page. It is in the first line of the closing stanza, where the word "raving" is substituted for roving. Most readers, however, will make the correction for themselves.

Chronicles of the War.

Latest News in Brief.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

On the 14th inst. there was an engagement between detachments of our infantry and cavalry and Stewart's cavalry, near Mitchell's Station, three miles southwest of Culpepper, in which the latter received a handsome whipping. We now hold all the ground in Culpepper County which was occupied by us previous to Lee's late advance. There are abundant evidences that Lee's army intended to make Winter quarters between the Rappahannock and the Rapidan. The road to Stevensburgh on both sides is bordered by carefully constructed huts in number sufficient to accommodate 50,000 men. At present, however, this army is below the Rapidan. The river, it is probable, is held by a strong picket guard, while the main force has gone further South.

FROM TENNESSEE.

A telegram, dated on Monday, has been received at Louisville, Ky., from the Headquarters of the Army of the Tennessee, announcing that Maj.-Gen. Sherman was in Gen. Thomas's headquarters, his entire corps having made a junction with the right of Gen. Grant's army at Chattanooga.

A Chattanooga dispatch, dated on Monday, says the rebel battery on Lookout Mountain had worked vigorously all day, alternately shelling Hooker's Camp, Moccasin Point and the Chattanooga camps. Rebel shells are also occasionally thrown into the town, but the fire had resulted in no casualities. Bragg is now said to be receiving heavy reenforcements, and the road from Chickamauga Station for eight miles south is said to be lined with rebel camps.

It was reported a few days since that two of Gen. Burnside's outposts in Tennessee had been attacked by the enemy, and a portion of two regiments captured. We are now informed that the disaster occurred at Rodgersville, in Hawkins County, Tennessee, 15 miles from Knoxville, and that we lost four cannon and 600 men.

Gen. Burnside's resignation, a long time since tendered, has, we are told, at last been accepted. Gen. Foster has been assigned to the command thus made vacant. The Providence *Journal* remarks that the state of Gen. B.'s health is such that his friends have for some time beendesirous that he should seek the repose which he has so long denied himself. But he was reluctant to leave his post till he had completed the work which he had undertaken, of leading his army to Knoxville.

FROM NEW ORLEANS.

The report of the attack by the rebels upon the advance of Gen. Washburne's division, in the Teche District, is confirmed. The enemy was driven back with a loss of 200 prisoners and 100 killed. Our loss was 40 killed. The scheme of the pro-slavery party for holding a State election in Louisiana on the day appointed by the Constitution of that State was not carried out. The struggle between the slavery and anti-slavery parties there is thus postponed.

THE TEXAS EXPEDITION.

The expedition that sailed lately from New Orleans, under command of Maj.-Gen. Banks, has effected a landing on the Rio Grande, without opposition, and there was no loss of life except from the swamping of a single boat. The rebels appear to have abandoned Fort Brown without firing a gun, and afterward to have set fire to Brownsville. A street fight, while the fire was raging, between the rebel soldiers and citizens and the Union men who tried to stop the conflagration, must have presented a fearful spectacle. Brownsville is now ours, and we have thus gained a most important foothold in Texas. We may make it a base of operations for a march into the interior or for the ascent of the Rio Grande, across which the Texans have, for two years or more, been carrying on a most profitable trade. Having a large land and naval force there, we are also in a convenient position to take care of our interests, in case the French army in Mexico should have any designs upon Texas, as has several times been hinted.

FROM CHARLESTON.

Richmond advices from Charleston as late as Saturday, the 14th inst., have been received at Fortress Monroe. The firing upon the ruins of Fort Sumter, on Friday night and Saturday, was prosecuted with immense vigor—as many as two shots per minute being delivered from the mortars and rifled pieces of the works on Morris Island. The casualties in Sumter, on Friday night, were two killed and one wounded.

THREATENED INVASION FROM THE NORTH.

The public was not a little startled the other day by the announcement that the Governor-General of Canada, in the exercise of becoming comity and international good faith, had notified our government, through Lord Lyons, of the probable existence of a rebel plot to seize steamboats on Lake Erie, set free the 2,000 prisoners confined at Johnson's Island, and burn and lay waste the cities of Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, and every other town from Ogdensburg to Chicago, and to obliterate entirely the Commerce of Lake Erie. Vallandigham, James Clay and Marshal Kane are said to have been the arch conspirators. The Montreal *Commercial Advertiser*, a secession paper, admits the existence of the plot, and gives the following explanation:

"The Washington government having refused to continue the exchange of prisoners of war under the cartel, sent the Southern officers accustomed to a tropical climate to Johnson's Island, where 2,000 of them were confined in wretched quarters, absolutely unfit to house cattle. There is no reason to doubt that the officers selected for this prison were those on whom the cold, damp climate and exposure would act most prejudicially. It was, in fact, an attempt to commit murder without publicly incurring the odium of slaughter.

"In these circumstances the Confederate government determined to make an attempt to rescue the doomed officers, and for this purpose an expedition was fitted out, consisting of thirty-six officers, under the command of one who had distinguished himself in similar dashing enterprises, and three hundred men. The officers embarked at Wilmington in the Confederate steamer Robert E. Lee, and landed at Halifax. The cotton and tobacco brought by that steamer as freight were sold to furnish the funds required, amounting to about $110,000. The men came overland through the States in small parties to the general rendezvous.

"The intention was to surprise the Federal garrison on Johnson's Island, liberate the prisoners, convey them to Canada in vessels provided for that purpose, and forward them by Halifax to Nassau or Bermuda; the greater part of the funds being specially devoted to paying their passage to one of these points.

"Any further operations on the lakes were left to the discretion of the officer in command, whose orders were stringent and peremptory to avoid a breach of British neutrality, and to take care that even the semblance of international wrong should be prevented. Had Johnson's Island been taken, it might have formed a basis for other operations against Federal commerce on the lakes; but the real object of the expedition was to rescue two thousand valuable lives from the cruelty which had devoted them to slow but certain death in a climate and situation in the last degree inimical to them."

The Army and the Negroes.

"EVERYWHERE THE AMERICAN GENERAL RECEIVES HIS MOST USEFUL AND RELIABLE INFORMATION FROM THE NEGRO, *who hails his coming as the harbinger of Freedom.*"—*Wm. H. Seward's Official Dispatch to Mr. Adams.*

A VISIT TO A NEGRO CAMP.

From The Congregationalist.

With what emotions did I again tread the soil of Virginia, feeling myself once more personally united with the army of her regeneration—and now, too, with that army of emancipated men who are to work out the true emancipation of the nation. It seems a century of progress from the day when, under the guidance of a Charlestown slave, I marked the spot of John Brown's scaffold, to the day when in sight of Gen. Lee's confiscated estate I stood in the midst of a regiment of negroes nine hundred strong, formed in a hollow square, and heard them roll out the "Glory Hallelujah" of the John Brown song. One little contrast will mark the progress of this war of ideas, that slavery has brought to an issue upon its own soil. Three years ago a white gentleman approaching Gen. Lee's grounds would have been hailed by his servants with all the obsequious demonstrations of servility. The other day I essayed to cross a field in that neighborhood, a negro, but yesterday a slave, now clothed in the United States uniform, and carrying a loaded musket, commanded me to *stop!* and then poured upon my astonished ears the following volley of military orders: "Ten *shun!* You can't cross dere! Officer uv the day said let no man pass dis line. Go over dar by dat big tree to de guard house, ef you want to get in de camp." I realized that the black man had at least become a man—himself the representative of authority, the enforcer of law, the symbol of power; that a uniform upon the negro meant just what it means upon the white man, and that a musket was in his hands for just the same purpose that it is in the hands of a sentry of any army in any nation of the world.

Having at length bowed myself into Camp Casey, I began the formal inspection of the Second Regiment United States Colored Troops. I had the good fortune to see the several company drills in the morning, and the battalion drill in the afternoon; and to my unpracticed eye these were quite as creditable as in any white regiment of such recent formation. Indeed, those officers of the regiment who have heretofore been connected with white troops, say that the second colored quite surpasses the average of regiments in aptitude for drill. In the battalion drill they went through the most complicated movements with promptness, precision, and a decidedly martial tone. Col. Fellows, himself a thorough and experienced officer, has them in excellent handling, and the line officers are mostly men who have seen service, and who know how to inspire soldiers with their own enthusiasm. Certainly I have seldom felt the effectiveness of regimental manœuvers as I did when I saw the second colored deploy, march in close column, charge at double quick. They are a fine body of men physically, with a decided predominance of unmitigated black in the complexion of the companies. Perhaps one half of them have been slaves in Maryland, and the remainder are conscripts and substitutes from Washington and vicinity. There is a good religious element in the regiment, and the discipline of the camp is admirable.

I cannot better exemplify the character and spirit of the freedmen in these regiments than by the following epistle which one of them indited to his betrothed upon the old plantation, through the pen of an officer who gave me the copy.

"Tell her I am in the army, under Uncle Sam, to fight for her liberties, for my mother's, and to free all my race. I have a new suit of clothes, a new gun, plenty to eat, and kind men for officers to teach me to be a soldier. I see a good many young girls in camp (visitors from Washington), but none so pleasant to my mind as she is."

How touching and beautiful this simple letter! How much of the man there is in it; the dutiful son, the faithful lover, the earnest patriot, swelling with the dignity of his new calling, the champion of freedom for his kindred and his race. Will not such men fight, think you? I told them at least, that I was willing to put in their charge my name, my honor, and all that makes home and country dear.

Two worthy colored ministers of Washington, and the editor of *The Anglo-African* in New York were present at this visit. As we stood together in the hollow square of armed men, and exhorted these new champions of freedom, my eye caught the summit of the dome of the Capitol made ready for Crawford's imperial statue of LIBERTY. I pointed the African legion to the omen that ushers in their warfare. They will lift Liberty to her place above the Capitol, and will keep her there. T.

New York, Nov. 3.

PRESENTATION OF A FLAG.

NEW ORLEANS, Friday, Oct. 23, 1863.

Among the remarkable things occurring daily, the legitimate fruit of the attempt of the slaveholders to put slavery on a firm and secure basis, I may mention one which occurred to-day. The 16th Regiment corps d'Afrique, Col. M. C. Kempsey commanding, was this morning formed in line, in Annunciation Square, in full marching order, and was presented with a handsome flag by the female members of the several African Baptist Churches in the city. Major B. R. Plumly received the flag on behalf of the regiment in a very neat and appropriate speech, when Col. Kempsey made a few remarks, in which he gave evidence of his earnestness. The regiment looked well, and, notwithstanding there was a bitter cold wind and rain prevailing at the time, there was a goodly number of spectators. Let it not be said the world does not move, when here, in New Orleans, in broad daylight, a regiment of negroes, armed and equipped, turn out to receive a flag from their colored sisters, previous to marching to the battle-field. Three years ago the man that would have proposed to arm colored men for any purpose, would have been shot down in broad daylight before he could have walked a block, and no one would have dared to lay hands on the murderer.—*Tribune.*

CONTRABANDS IN ARKANSAS.

At White River Station is a camp, containing something over two hundred contrabands. The men are employed in cutting wood, but after inspecting the camp closely I was not able to discover any opportunity the women had to make themselves useful. The party who had charge of the men informed me that they were excellent laborers—orderly, respectful and industrious. Said he, "I used to believe that negroes were of no account, and when I made a contract with government to furnish a sufficiency of wood at this place I could not exactly see how I was to get it cut. I knew I could not force the contrabands to take an interest in the matter, so I determined to see what effect kindness would have upon them. I told them I would stand by them if they would by me; that if they worked well they would be paid well, and receive a proper allowance of food and clothing; and that if any of them were taken sick I would see them duly cared for. Then I gave them axes, and told them to go to work. You can see how they have made the trees suffer"—pointing to a number of piles of wood mostly corded on the bank of the river, and which were rapidly being transferred to the decks of half-a-dozen government transports. "A negro," said the contractor, "is a good deal like a white man, after all; he'll do more work in an hour, if you use him well, than you could whip out of him in half a day."—*Cor. Tribune.*

RECRUITING IN CONNECTICUT.

The Connecticut Legislature at its extra session passed an act which offers colored volunteers the same pay and clothing as white volunteers; gives to such colored volunteers three hundred dollars bounty on being mustered into service; guaranties an additional bounty of thirty dollars per annum during the term of service; and pays recruiting officers ten dollars for every colored recruit mustered in.

The business of recruiting colored troops in New York to fill up the quota of Connecticut will now go on more busily than ever, especially as Governor Seymour a few weeks ago formally refused to accept colored men as volunteers in this State. There were, some three months ago, fifty thousand able-bodied colored men in this State, who would have volunteered with proper encouragement, and whose enlistment might have saved us from the draft if Governor Seymour had not refused to accept them.—*Evening Post.*

THE RHODE ISLAND REGIMENT.

The Rhode Island colored regiment encamped on Dutch Island, near Newport, numbers twelve hundred men, who have been for some time at work erecting fortifications on the island. The Providence *Journal* says:

"They have already built an earthwork and placed a sufficient number of guns in position to command the west passage. These guns are mostly 64-pounders, and are sufficient to protect the bay from the depredations of ordinary ships of war. Of course we have no fortifications at the mouth of the Narraganset that could withstand the attack of an iron-clad fleet, though the works to be built on this island, which are now in progress, may be of that character."

ENLISTMENT OF SLAVES IN MARYLAND—GROWLS OF THE SLAVEHOLDERS.

From The Somerset (Md.) Herald.

Last week two steamers came up the Pocomoke and took off, as we learn, two hundred and fifty more negroes. Another steamer has gone up to Snow Hill, but we have not learned with what success she met. Some of the negroes landed at Rehoboth on Sunday last and scoured the country around, taking horses and riding them into every jungle and nook, persuading negroes to join them. One of the steamers had a band of music on board, which had the desired effect. We learn that one lady alone on the Pocomoke lost twenty men.

From The Worcester (Snow Hill) Shield of November 7th.

The above, from our Somerset cotemporary, is but a moderate reference to a most extraordinary proceeding. The third steamer to which he alludes (the John Tracey) reached the wharf at Snow Hill on Saturday last, having on board Col. Birney and a negro brass band, and some negro soldiers. She left on Monday morning with about two hundred slave negroes who flocked on board from all parts of the country, some owners losing every one they had, and but few getting certificates for them. Indeed, Col. Birney told some of their owners that the certificate, if he gave it, might be worth nothing. So utterly amazed were our people at this cool defiance of the laws of the State, that it took the place generally of wrath and indignation. They could hardly realize it as a fact. We deprecate the iniquity and wholesale wrong of such a proceeding. There was no discrimination. Negro men and boys utterly unfit for military service were taken if calling themselves slaves, and while the government expects to be supported by the people it despoils them suddenly and inequitably of every vestige of labor by which it can be afforded. Why should Mr. Lincoln dread sudden emancipation and yet make a peaceable, loyal State suffer as Maryland from this extraordinary and forcible exodus of our laboring force, leaving some of our farmers with not a single hand? What is to be done?

MAJOR STEARNS IN NASHVILLE.

A correspondent in Nashville, under date of Oct. 22, writes as follows:

"Major Stearns is meeting with fine success here—not raising regiments as rapidly *just now*, perhaps, as a noisy, blustering man might—but laying the foundation of his work so firmly, and winning the confidence and cooperation of the genuinely loyal Tennesseeans so surely, and gaining the implicit trust of the colored people so thoroughly, that his future labors will inevitably be crowned with the largest and best success. Like a wise philanthropist, he seeks to accomplish several minor objects, each in its way subservient to the one grand aim of freeing and educating and enfranchizing the colored race, not as *colored* people, but as *human beings*. Soldiers are most needed now—so he is recruiting regiments; but he seeks at the same time to effect gradually such changes in the system of labor, in the habits of the blacks, as will tend most directly to rid this possibly splendid State of her one incubus, slavery, and fit the recent and present slaves for an intelligent use of the freedom into which they have already entered or will certainly enter soon.

"There is a fine opening here for missionary efforts, in teaching the hundreds of black children (and adults, too) who are eager to learn. Yesterday I visited a school of these, some three hundred strong, and heard some classes read. They are very near the beginning yet, but they are anxious to press on. 'The harvest is great, but the laborers are few.'" *Cincinnati Gazette.*

ENLISTMENTS IN KANSAS.

The enlistment of colored soldiers is going on briskly in Kansas under direction of Capt. R. J. Hinton, who has been specially detailed for this service. The 2d Kansas colored volunteer infantry has been fully organized and mustered in. The officers are said to be superior men. Authority has been given to raise two more regiments and a battery of "ironclads," as the negro regiment are jocularly called in this district. At least two fine companies of the 3d Kansas (colored) are ready for muster at Fort Smith, and a number of men are raised for other companies.

ENLISTMENTS IN ILLINOIS.

Gov. Yates, under authority of the War Department, is trying to raise a regiment of infantry in Illinois, to be composed of colored men, and to serve for three years or during the war, for $10 a month, with a chance of an increase of their wages by Congress. The rendezvous of the regiment will be at Quincy.

PRO-SLAVERY UNIONISM IN KENTUCKY.

NASHVILLE, TENN., October 31, 1863.

EDITORS MISSOURI DEMOCRAT: In the Cincinnati *Gazette*, of the 29th inst, you have doubtless seen an interesting account of the insolence of the Louisville police in attempting to arrest the free colored servant of Gen. Garfield on his recent journey through that city. It occurred on the ferry-boat in passing to the Indiana shore, and but for the firmness of Gen. Steedman, who was in company with Gen. Garfield, and the presence of several soldiers, the insolent police would have returned to captivity—no doubt by their own bill of sale—a servant of one of our bravest Generals, who had free papers under the seal of Gen. Rosecrans!

I refer to this because the city police and some of the United States officials seem to vie with each other in their defiance of military authority in regard to seizing colored men who are in transit through the city under military authority. As I came through that city I fell in at Jeffersonville with persons who had charge of an army wagon train, on the way from Maryland to Chattanooga, of many hundred; and the teamsters were mostly (if not all) Maryland negroes. About sixty of these negro teamsters preceded the wagon-master across the river with their teams, and you can judge of his surprise and indignation to find that all his teamsters had been arrested. The wagon-master was an energetic, fearless Marylander, who had four brothers in the rebel army, yet he believed in using negroes to put down their traitorous masters, and save the Republic. He flew to the release of his teamsters, and the official grip was soon loosened. When he arrived at Nashville he suffered no molestation, for here the insolence and treason of the Louisville *Journal* have no controlling power, like that over the pro-slavery Copperheads of Kentucky.

The Journal sends forth threats of blood and thunder upon the Unconditional Unionists of Missouri, who propose to meet, at Louisville on the 8th of January next, the men of Kentucky and Tennessee of like character. While at the hotel in Louisville, I met with several influential Union—real Union—slaveholders, from Southern Kentucky, near Richmond. They told me that they had no expectation of saving slavery to Kentucky—that slavery was even now almost worthless in the State, and that their true interest was to get rid of it as fast as loyal owners could be brought to act in harfast as loyal owners could be brought to act in harmony upon the best plan of emancipation. They belieyed rebel invasion, and raiding, and bushwhacking would not cease or be put down in the State until there was no longer any hope for slavery perpetuation. They look upon *The Journal* as one of their worst enemies in the peace and welfare of the State.

Here in Tennessee, slavery is crumbling to pieces at railroad speed. The Tennessee 1st colored regiment is stationed at Dorchard, under command of Col. Thompson, formerly senior Aid-de-Camp on Gen. Rosecrans's staff, commanding 1st United States volunteer infantry. It is a fine and effective regiment. The 2d Tennessee, colored regiment, is commanded by Col. Hottenstein, formerly Lieutenant-Colonel of the 42 United States volunteers. The Lieutenant-Colonel is Theo. Tranerwicht, formerly Captain in 2d Missouri volunteers. This regiment is on duty on the Northwestern railroad, with as many more negroes at work and not yet enlisted. Nearly the whole negro population of Nashville is in the employment of the United States government in some form—such as teamsters, hospital servants, laborers, etc., etc.

NEGRO RECRUITING IN NASHVILLE.

Major Stearns is still prosecuting the work of raising negro troops in Nashville with excellent success. Three regiments have been raised and the fourth begun in that immediate vicinity, while a large number of negroes have been raised to work on some important railroad improvements which are being constructed under government direction.

COLORED CAVALRY.

The War Department has decided not to permit the raising of colored cavalry regiments. Applications to raise regiments of colored cavalry have been received from several quarters. Gen. Birney favored the idea strongly, but the Department, probably thinking that not more than one or two regiments would be raised, and looking at the difficulties in the way of the employment of two or three such regiments, has decided against all the applications.—*Wash. Cor. Eve. Post.*

COLORS FOR THE SEVENTH REGIMENT CORPS D'AFRIQUE.

The New Orleans papers of the 4th instant announce the arrival in that city of Rev. Thomas W. Conway, Chaplain of the Seventh Regiment, Corps d'Afrique, from New York, with a beautiful banner, presented to his regiment by Mayor Opdyke, A. T. Stewart, Hon. Edgar Ketchum, and other leading and influential citizens of New York. Accompanying the banner was a short and stirring address to be read to the regiment on the presentation.

RECRUITING AT PORT HUDSON.

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 3, 1863.

Intelligence from port Hudson has been received, from which I learn that the recruiting of black troops is progressing most promisingly. The prejudices against their employment are being rapidly dispelled from the minds of the inhabitants of the State. It has been determined by the President and his advisers to make the African troops a part of our regular army. The following order has recently been promulgated:

GENERAL ORDERS—NO. 20.

HEADQUARTERS CORPS D'AFRIQUE,
PORT HUDSON, LA., Sept. 22, 1863.

I. In compliance with special orders, No. 231, Headquarters Department of the Gulf, September 16, 1863, the first twenty regiments of infantry of the Corps d'Afrique are hereby organized into two divisions of two brigades each, as follows:

FIRST DIVISION.

Brig.-Gen. D. Ullmann, Commander.

FIRST BRIGADE.	SECOND BRIGADE.
1st regiment of infantry,	4th regiment of infantry,
2d regiment of infantry,	7th regiment of infantry,
3d regiment of infantry,	8th regiment of infantry,
11th regiment of infantry,	9th regiment of infantry,
12th regiment of infantry,	10th regiment of infantry.

SECOND DIVISION.

No Commander assigned.

FIRST BRIGADE.	SECOND BRIGADE.
5th regiment of infantry,	6th regiment of infantry,
13th regiment of infantry,	17th regiment of infantry,
14th regiment of infantry,	18th regiment of infantry,
15th regiment of infantry,	19th regiment of infantry,
16th regiment of infantry.	20th regiment of infantry.

The four brigades will be commanded respectively by the senior Colonels present.

II. The following temporary assignment of artillery is hereby made, viz: Battery G, Fifth United States artillery, to the First division Corps d'Afrique; Second Vermont battery, to the Second division Corps d'Afrique.

By command of Brig.-Gen. GEO. L. ANDREWS.
GEORGE B. HALSTEAD, Captain and A. A. General.

APPOINTMENT OF A COLORED CHAPLAIN.

Rev. H. M. Turner, colored, pastor of the Israel Bethel Church in Washington, has been appointed Chaplain of the First Regiment United States colored troops now in South Carolina. He is the first colored minister who had been commissioned Chaplain.

Summary.

The police made a descent, on Saturday night, upon an unlawful assemblage of negroes congregated at the City Gas Works, for religious purposes, and took in custody 43. Yesterday morning they were taken before Justice Chandler, who ordered 10 lashes each and let them go.—*Richmond Examiner.*

Mrs. Dr. Lydia Hasbrouck, being unrepresented, refuses to pay taxes at Wallkill. She was ordered to appear on the highroad with a shovel to work out the amount, and did so, bearing a fire shovel, greatly to the wrath of the authorities, between whom and herself there consequently exists a terrible disturbance.

"CONSERVATISM," says the Nashville *Union*, "is Copperheadism in its Sunday clothes; the devil with his hoofs in his boots and his tail tucked in his breeches; indifferent whiskey labelled 'extract of Sarsaparilla'; Mrs. Potiphar painted for a street promenade to entrap the verdant. It is as bad an ism as the rheumatism."

One of the most remarkable donations to the North-Western fair, was from the convicts of the Michigan Penitentiary. The extremes of society met on one common ground. Among the articles from these convicts are hoes, knives, skates, apple-pearers, beside a variety of edge tools. One, a convict for life, contributed a tree carved from wood, which sold the first day for $30.

NEW PAPER.—A new and truly loyal paper will make its appearance in Louisville on the 1st of January. It is to be started by a joint stock company, with a capital of not less than $20,000, and not more than $150,000—$10,000 of which were subscribed on the first day after the books were opened. James Speed and Bland Ballard are at the head of it.

Count Gasparin gives this good advice in a recent private letter: "Already the hour of your success seems to have come. How do I rejoice over it! But just here it is that you will need to redouble your wisdom. Close in around Mr. Lincoln. Make sure the abolition of slavery. Practice equality toward men of color. Avoid foreign quarrels. Avoid oppression in the South. Your glory should consist in promptly reestablishing there liberty and the life of the body politic."

An anonymous pamphleteer has produced a keen satire of Bishop Hopkins's defence of slavery under cover of a scriptural defence of polygamy. The writer says: "An admirer, like yourself, of the institutions of old, I should hardly have dared to declare these truths to a perverse and self-glorifying generation, had I not been emboldened by the example of one who so worthily wears the highest honors of the Church. In constructing my argument, therefore, as I have done, with paragraph after paragraph of your very words, it has been because I felt it necessary to shield myself behind your authority from the charge, which ignorant presumption might else have brought, of irreverently travestying the Word of God."

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—*Vicksburg, Miss., Oct. 28.*—Since the war began they have had no schools in the South, and the young have been allowed to run wild, until the harvest of thorns is large. Now we have inaugurated the school system again, and learning may be taught as of yore. Colored schools have been instituted too. One is in operation in the basement of the Second Presbyterian Church, where the colored idea displays a decided desire to shoot. It is one of the institutions against which rebeldom entertains and exercises a stereotyped dislike, which is vented in anathemas. The teachers speak highly of the proficiency of pupils, and the earnestness with which the elder ones enter upon their studies

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

THE YOUNG WIFE.

BY FRANCES D. GAGE.

I saw her at the altar in her beauty,
Only three months ago,
Vowing herself to every wifely duty,
Only three months ago;
Love, only love, from her bright eyes was beaming,
Hope, radiant hope, from every feature gleaming,
Only three months ago.

She stood beside the hero of her choosing,
Giving herself away;
Brave her response—she had no fear of losing—
"Love him I will, for aye."
Than dew-drop on the rose, her soul was clearer,
And heaven with him came nearer, nearer, nearer,
Giving herself away.

To-day I saw her, and her eye was tearful,
Only three months gone by!
The shadow on her once fair brow was fearful,
Ah! who shall tell us why?
Hope is already withering, Love is flying,
All her pure soul to God in anguish crying,
To give her leave to die.

Fair was her hero, but 'twas only seeming.
A few brief days of bliss
Were hers, and she was startled from her dreaming
By a vile serpent hiss;
In ribald blasphemy the words were spoken,
That shut her out from light and love, heart-broken.
Need we tell more than this?

Her voice no more hath power to charm his raving,
He grows each day more cold,
And now she knows him traitorous to her loving!
Her brow is worn and old.
Oh! take her, Heavenly Father, in thy keeping,
To that bright world where there is no more weeping!
Give the poor lamb thy fold!

*WENDELL PHILLIPS AS AN ORATOR.**

From The Christian Examiner.

WERE there to be an Oration for the Crown of an international character, England and America putting forth rival claimants, probably few men in our country would fail to name as the representative of our own land Wendell Phillips. It is but recently that his most cherished opinions were shared only by a handful of men, while the vast majority were intensely imbittered against him; even now the majority look upon him with doubtful, even though with admiring eyes, while a large minority, to say the least, deem him utterly pestiferous, and would be quite as glad to abolish him as he to abolish slavery. Yet those who hate and denounce him most would hold up both hands to secure his election, were the palm of oratory to be disputed as we have supposed—that is, if they wished America to triumph. By common consent, by the equal acknowledgment of those who rejoice in, and of those who deplore the fact, he is the first forensic orator of our land at the present day; *nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum.* Or if there be one who possesses rival powers, he is a man of that race in whose behalf Mr. Phillips has labored, the slave-born Frederick Douglass.

We do not forget others. Mr. Sumner is learned, exhaustive, ponderously eloquent. Mr. Beecher is a discourser of incomparable vividness, fertility, and picturesqueness. Mr. Everett is a master in what one may call literary oratory, graceful, lucid, classic, elegant, impressive; but for the forum, *orator parum vehemens, dulcis tamen, ut Theophrasti discipulum possis agnoscere.* Many others might be named with high praise, especially were pulpit eloquence, strictly speaking, to be brought into the account; for our country is fertile far beyond all others in modern times in oratorical gifts. But when all others are accredited with their proper excellence, Mr. Phillips, in a candid estimation, must, we think, be named as preëminent in forensic power.

The degree to which he is a native oratorical force may be suggested by the fact that, notwithstanding his preëminence, no one thinks of comparing him to any preceding orator. Almost every other man of literary eminence in America has been referred to some original in other lands and times. Irving was complimented by being named "the American Addison," Cooper "the American Scott," Dana "the American Coleridge" *(sic.)*; nay, it is incredibly affirmed by some that Nature has amused herself with the production of critics who could style Emerson an imitator of Carlyle; but the sportive Dame, we think, has never hatched a goose to cackle discovery of a foreign original for Wendell Phillips.

His speeches suggest no other speeches. We forget to ask what orator is his favorite, what one he has chiefly studied, whether Demosthenes, Cicero, Mirabeau, or Burke. Highly cultivated as he is, no man's eloquence, not that of Patrick Henry, nor of Jefferson's Indian chief Logan, even sprang more from his own bosom, less from books. And this, we think, chiefly because it is no part of his aim to achieve eloquence for his own sake. He is saturated with unselfish purpose. He is intent on beneficent effects. He is eloquent partly because he does not try to be eloquent. He opens his heart to you as the Spring buds do theirs; and you never think of asking from whom he learned how to do so.

It is the function of the orator, as such, distinctively to persuade men to honorable action, or enkindle them to noble sentiment, on the basis of their *national* life. This element of nationality must always be more or less, directly or indirectly, present, and is of the very gist and essence of the orator's inspiration. *Eloquence* there may be in books, in parlors, wherever men speak or write; but *oratory* belongs above all to the forum; it stands in close connection with patriotism; its principal purpose is to induce national truth, justice, courage, discretion, or honorable pride, to connect political or judicial action with the reason and heart of man.

The aim of the preacher is to induce depth and rectitude of *personal* life. He appeals to the sense of personal responsibility; he aims to upbuild personal character; he enters to the privacies of the soul; he takes up each individual auditor to the summit of Sinai, and stands with him in the sole presence of the Highest; he strives to enhance those forces by which spiritual architectures are carried on, and to diminish those by which these are threatened. If the individual has duties toward the state, the preacher not only may, but in the just discharge of his own duty must, counsel their faithful and righteous fulfilment. He cannot urge all highest fidelities on the man, and countenance all infidelities in the citizen. He must follow the man into every stated department of his action, domestic, economical, political, social, and seek that in each he may acquit himself as a precious and immortal nature. It may happen, therefore, that the preacher and the forensic orator agree in the quality of their counsels; yet there will always be a difference in tone, because there is a difference in point of view. The orator is looking primarily to national justice and welfare; the preacher is looking primarily to private rectitude, to the spiritual prosperity of persons as such.

We may discriminate the position of a third speaker, namely, the lecturer. His chief aim is to induce intellectual and moral enlargement. Before all things else, he labors for the expansion of the human spirit—to place things in broader and more subtile relations, to enkindle new and widening sympathies, to awaken elevating interests, to confer upon the common life of man the dignity of knowledge, of appreciation, and of thought.

The lecturer, therefore, addresses man as a mind; the preacher addresses him as a soul; the orator addresses him as a definite and corporate social reality. The first would make him universal by thought; the second would give his being infinitude by placing it in purest vital connection with the Divine; the third would have him connect the higher contents of his being with his corporate social life.

Great orators belong more particularly to periods of change or of crisis in the destiny of nations, as the instances of Mirabeau, Cicero, and Demosthenes suggest. Properly, too, the orator is *conservative.* He appeals to men in behalf of old and established principles. This position is requisite for the highest oratorical effect; for if the speaker must establish principles, he at once falls into the attitude of the lecturer, and assumes it as his task rather to elucidate than to warn and persuade. Just in proportion, therefore, as the orator must propound anything new, he is cut off from the higher effects of his art. His position accordingly supposes in his audience a pre-existing community of faith, a pre-existing wealth of affection for certain ideas and institutions.

Hence, there is no eloquence among a degenerate, degraded, and spiritually impoverished people. They do not supply the conditions under which oratory can flourish. Demosthenes, in later times, would not have been Demosthenes, but would have gone to his grave with the stammer of his youth. Scepticism slays eloquence. The soul of all powerful oratory is belief. Without intense and able believing, the orator can only bewitch, not inspire. Without genuine, hearty believing among the people, he can only smoulder, not blaze.

Therefore the substratum of all great forensic eloquence must be certain *assumptions* common to speaker and hearer. Assumption rules the world. Nothing else possesses the utmost power. And just in proportion to the depth, breadth, and richness of this body or soul of assumed principle in the bosom of the people, are they in a condition to vitalize the orator by their presence. And when, still further, against this deep-grounded, unquestioning faith there has come in some alien, insidious, invading element, persuasive by its appeal to fear, to avarice, to the love of indolent pleasure, just then is supplied to the orator that foothold and that occasion which he requires.

Let us see, now, to what degree these conditions have been supplied in the case of Mr. Phillips.

Our nation had assumed as its basis a doctrine of rights inhering in human beings simply as human. We built our national edifice on assumed principles of universal justice. We baptized these principles in the blood of battle; and having been victorious, we came forth from the crimson consecration to represent these principles before the world, and to perfect their application in our interior politics. And the nation was at the outset warm, hearty, intrepid in the faith it professed.

On the other hand, here was the alien element, slavery, foreign from our faith, antagonistic to our principles, odious to our feeling, but well nested among our institutions and traditions, having that possession which is "nine points of the law"; having the prestige of wealth, of power, of proud manners; having means to bribe commerce, to bribe place-hunting ambition, to bribe partisanship; having means equally to overawe timidity, to win the lovers of peace and ease, and to war against assault. Greedy, encroaching, insidious, and utterly subversive of the whole spirit and significance of our national life—lured by the prospect of a virgin continent upon which to spread itself, and of a power that should overtop the world and dazzle the eye or silence the tongue of criticism—it furnished occasion for patriotic alarm, such as history never has surpassed, and perhaps never may surpass.

Here, then, were both the substratum and the occasion for the orator's action and influence. On the one hand, we have the warm national faith—the faith, too, of a resolute, energetic, brave people, potentialized by a quick flow of social sympathy; on the other hand, here is the innovating, unsettling element, apparently sure of victory, nay, seeming to be already victorious.

Into the arena thus prepared our orator steps forth, with room and verge for whatever patriotic devotion may glow in his bosom, and whatever persuasion may dwell in his tongue.

And here we call attention to the fact that his position is *strictly* conservative. That of Demosthenes was not more so. Terms have got strangely misapplied in our country; so that even the most enlightened of those who stood by the fundamental ideas of our polity have conceded to their opponents the title of conservative, while these opponents, though the partizans of a radical and subversive innovation, have appropriated the title without a moment's question of its fitness. But it was slavery that was alien and innovating; and its supporters in our country are radicals, in the odious and illegitimate sense of that word, that is, they are eradicators of central faiths in behalf of superficial interests. Mr. Phillips has himself tossed the word *conservatism* from his lips with scorn; but if those are not conservative who sustain the ground ideas of the national life, pray, to whom can the term apply?

He occupies, then, so far, the typical position of the orator. He holds to those faiths which give the nation a distinctive character, and he holds them as against innovation of the most sweeping and destructive kind.

But now come in certain peculiarities of his position, some favoring and some disputing his influence.

In the first place, he has had one conspicuous advantage. The fundamental principles of our nationality, so far as he is concerned with them, coincide with the principles of universal justice, and with the instinctive sentiments of all humane hearts. Never had forensic eloquence a broader or more open appeal to the souls of men. "No pent-up Utica contracts his powers"; he is universal in being national, he is a philanthropist in being a patriot; and he makes his plea, not to any partial sentiment, but to the totality of man's spiritual nature. So far he stands, perhaps, in a more advantageous position than any one of the classic names in oratory.

On the other hand, he has in one respect a position peculiarly unfavorable to those effects for which he labors. Our nation is young; the principles of our national life have had small time to take historical root, to become traditions and customs of thought; one may almost say that they are still in dispute. Many have been attracted by their breadth and boldness; many have given them a thoughtless or half-thinking verbal enunciation; few have meditated upon them profoundly, weighed their worth, found their rightful limits, and pledged to them a considerate and resolute fealty. But there are never many who adopt broad principles from *thought.* That is the special distinction of philosophical intellect. The greater number, much the greater number, must come to them by instinctive attraction, which custom and tradition alone will fully and finally confirm. Any great national or social principle has still, in general, a loose and wavering hold on masses of men until it has been rocked in the cradles of several generations. The faith in principles of freedom and equal justice—of justice to *all* men and races of men—had not among us this depth of historical root; and when the winds of mercenary interest, of personal ambition, of partisan passion, began to blow fiercely upon it, the shallow hold it had upon many hearts proved insufficient, and their faith lay prostrate in their souls.

It were easy to wonder at and blame this overmuch. It was doubtless disgraceful to us, but not unaccountably, nor perhaps inexcusably so. In truth, our great controversy represents, in some degree, a pure piece of historical advance. Hitherto there has been in the world little of *international conscience.* Nations have not charged themselves with the duty of justice toward each other. England, assuming to stand, and perhaps really standing, at the head of European civilization, robs Denmark, robs Spain, robs China, has robbed, indeed, right and left, whenever she could do so safely and to advantage. She may lift her hands in astonished reprobation of Napoleon's recent doings in Mexico; but the Emperor will hardly be able to better the instruction which her own example has afforded him. Peace in Europe has been maintained, not on any principle of international honor and justice, but confessedly on that of the balance of power. That is to say, England or France must forbear to "gobble up" the smaller and weaker States, not at all because nations owe justice to each other, but simply for the reason that, having done so, she would be more able to devour some larger neighbor. Balance of power meant balance of selfishness. Peace was established, not on a basis of conscience, but of distrust.

But if this be so in civilized Europe, how could we suppose that civilized states and races would exhibit much conscience toward those which are uncivilized? No, the very conception of applying the acknowledged principles of justice to the relations maintained with weaker and less cultivated races, the very conception of regarding them otherwise than as a prey, is new in the history of man—new, we mean, as an element of politics, and on a scale of national importance.

It must be added also, that, even in the minds of thoughtful men, the duties of civilization in this connection are not *perfectly* defined. It is easy to push the matter to a sentimental excess. We are not of those who think that the Pilgrim Fathers should have remained on board the Mayflower until a vote of the aborigines permitted them to land—or perhaps should not have decided to come hither at all, until they had sent a deputation to this continent, and bargained for the privilege of becoming a portion of its inhabitants. That they might have considered the Indians more, that they might have managed to live with them more amicably, may be, and doubtless is, true; but that they were bound to regard the savages as lawful possessors and owners of this continent, we by no means consider true. The final title to possession is use. In God's court of claims, he is the owner of a piece of property who can make it most serviceable to the being of man. We have, we must have, and therefore it is every way proper that we should have, our conventional arrangements with regard to private property. There can be no civilization without such, nor without a due respect for them. Yet property is forever stealing away, and by the law of the universe must steal away, from the hands of those who abridge, to the hands of those who enlarge its uses.

But while we will not concede to savages, above all to inveterate and incurable savages, the right of monopolizing a continent, if they choose to do so, yet it remains true, that this idea of a duty on the part of civilized toward uncivilized peoples is one as noble and necessary as it is new. No excess of application can belittle, nor in the end endanger it. History is about to make this piece of progress; and whoever opposes her will go under her advancing feet, and be crushed to powder.

History is not nice and delicate in her discriminations, nor in her procedure. She is rude and wholesale. The Himalayas and Andes were not weighed out in an apothecary's balance, and heaped up with a teaspoon; the heart of the planet has not been raised to a "comfortable" heat, like a warm bath, by thermometer; nevertheless here is, at last, the green and serviceable earth, with motherly hospitalities for her inhabitants. History, like the planet on which it appears, has its own fiery, uncontrollable impulse and evolution, not observing precisely the boundaries we prescribe in our studies, yet surely reaching good ends. Mohammedanism sweeps over idolatrous lands amid a multitudinous trampling of hoofs and flashing of scymitars; Protestantism foams into temples, and breaks over art, and decorum, and ancient remembrance, like the waves of an ocean storm over a stranded ship; Puritanism banishes beauty and hilarity and sport, and a thousand sweet amenities, from England; and Democracy in like manner goes surging irresistibly, rudely, over the face of the modern world, sure to have its course, though Carlyle rage and Napoleon imagine a vain thing. Crude, partial, extravagant, putting suffrages into the hands of imps and idiots, taking sides with irredeemable savagery against Puritan civilization, ill-disciplined, noisy, self-asserting, expectorating, it nevertheless carries with it the present significance of human history; and its claim of justice for all men, its claim that the doors of civilization shall remain forever open to the feet of aspiration, that all who come shall enter, not to be pillaged, but to be protected, and that even those who remain without shall be honorably considered—this grand claim has got to be fairly answered before the present turmoil of transition shall subside, and Peace unfold her white banner to the airs of a new morning in the world.

These opening purposes it is that our orator would advance by his personal effort. A child of the epoch, he is among the noblest and ablest of its servants. An orator, not a philosopher, born rather for the forum than for the school, he does not always make the discriminations we should desiderate, but he always does meet, in an admirable degree, the demands of his native position and chosen service.

"Hail to the chief who in triumph advances!"

The youth of those principles which are fundamental in our nationality has made our national faith in them unstable and shallow. Hence one great difficulty with which our orator has had to contend. If he attempted the great leaps of persuasion, the ground grew soft, and gave way under his feet. He must needs, therefore, begin laboring at foundations. He must indoctrinate the people at the same time that he would lead them to action. He must stand with one foot in the forum and the other in the lecture-room. Now it is ill standing in a door and speaking to audiences on both sides—above all, if the audiences represent different modes of thought and feeling. But this is the position which Mr. Philips has been compelled to occupy. It was not so with Demosthenes. The faith and wishes of the Athenians were all assured, congruous, and unquestionable; the difference was only on questions of daring and expediency. Every one must see at a glance how favorable to eloquence was the simplicity and singleness of an orator's attitude then, compared with that of one addressing a people whose faith and wishes are ill-assured, inconstant, many doubting and some affirming that the fundamental principles of the national life are but "glittering generalities," not solid truth. The former is like a man who stands firmly on the earth, and has free use of both hands; the latter, like one who must use one hand to support his weight, while he labors with the other.

The result of this position has been the development of a new type of forensic eloquence—an eloquence more laden with doctrine, more intellectual, than has been heard in the open air before. At the same time, we affirm that no great orator of former times came into the forum for so majestic an advocacy, none represented an historical movement of equal grandeur. The orators of classic antiquity were seeking preservation of the national *form;* he has been aiming to preserve the *soul* of our nation, and that, too, not merely because it is ours, but from absolute devotion to justice and truth. A position of more dignity has seldom been held by man.

It must be conceded, also, that he has proved himself worthy of his vocation. More of intrepidity and persistency, a devotion more entire and unflinching, cannot be demanded. Bold, chivalrous, straightforward, unhesitating, unequivocal, he has feared no danger, he has spared no cost; he has put his whole heart into a work to which only the nobility of his own spirit called him; he has lavished his life in an heroic labor, for which his immediate outward reward was to be only the same that from time immemorial has awaited those who have proffered themselves to be champions of the weak against the strong, and of the despised few against the reputable many. His spirit has been equal alike to his gifts and his position: what need to say more? We are not required to praise him: history will do that sufficiently.

But has he made no mistakes? In our judgment, he has sometimes been in error, both as to the special objects of his advocacy, and as to the mode of his working. We shall name two instances of what we deem such error, one of which has already become obsolete.

His proper position, as we have shown, was that of a patriot, a friend and preserver of his country. Slavery was foreign, intrusive, destructive. Nothing can be more deadly to any government than that which subverts its fundamental ideas. It is superfluous to argue this point now, for the fact itself is blazing before every man's eyes and thundering at every man's ears. By the flames of war, and in the [illegible] of its energy, even the blind must see that slavery was poisonous to the republic, and that the only hope of public safety lay in purging away this venom. Whoever, therefore, labored for these medicinal effects was a true friend and physician of the republic, and should have assumed that position openly and held it persistently.

By making his position and purpose clear in this respect, he might hope to enlist in the labors of reform that sentiment of instinctive, half-blind patriotism, which in a people that has power and promise of continuance is sure to be a force of immense importance. Few men are reasoners to any predominating extent; few have rational conscience in such degree as to sway and control their natures. The action of multitudes must be in great part instinctive, and if free reason and conscience come in at all, they must enter as the allies of instinct, not as its enemies. The national orator, therefore, who would nobly and usefully persuade the people, will act on a vantage-ground of incalculable value, if he appear so distinctly under the banners, and as the exponent, of patriotism, as to draw the instinctive love of country to his side.

Mr. Phillips did otherwise. He threw away this vast advantage. He chose to assault the fortress from without, rather than to defend it from within. He appeared as the foe of national institutions. Because the alien and innovating element of slavery had obtained some dubious foothold in the organic law of the land, and because it had stained the statute-book and usurped administration, this bold and chivalrous spirit, in company with a few others equally intrepid and devoted, declared enmity against the very institutions which had been thus wronged.

It was, we deem, an act of impatience—the impatience, indeed, of brave and self-forgetful souls, an impatience lustrous with all noble feeling and energy, but nevertheless, by comparison with those highest possibilities of action which these men themselves suggest, an infirmity. It was the assumption of a greater task, instead of a less; for the men of the North could have been persuaded to extinguish slavery far more easily than to break up the Union. It was an attempt to conquer a kingdom with an army of officers only—that is, of those in whom intellectual and moral conviction can be the controlling element, leaving out the rank and file—those, namely, who are governed chiefly by honorable instinct, though in obedience to this they can equal any devotion or valor of which the chief of men are capable.

Perhaps it will be said that this was with him and his compeers no matter of choice. Most surely not of *wilful* choice. Undoubtedly they were impelled to it by the sincerest conviction. But that is the misfortune we are speaking of. The conviction itself is the calamity. In our judgment, it was due to a vehemence of recoil from the things they abhorred, not *purely* to a necessity in the case itself. So far, indeed, as it operated to keep them out of party politics, and hold them to the merits of the case, it was undoubtedly beneficial; nevertheless, in indentifying the disease with the body affected by it, and in assuming, by consequence, the attitude, not of reform, but of revolution, we judge that they enhanced their difficulties, weakened their forces, led thousands of honest men to mistake their fundamental purposes, and hindered the cause for which they were sacrificing ease, fortune, repute, place, all that selfishness can covet, and much that social feeling may honorably desire, and in comparison with whose prosperity they counted their heart's blood but as water.

But this is past. Tested by events, they prove themselves candid as they had ever been courageous; and the clarion note of our orator rang out in behalf of Union for the sake of justice and freedom.

But it may also be alleged against Mr. Phillips, that he uses personal criticism and invective in excess. We think the charge not wholly without foundation. Let us be understood. If he be accused of native bitterness or acridity, we think the accusation misses its mark most notably. In truth, it is the *absence* of acrid elements in his composition, the total and singular want of malign feeling, which has enabled him to use such severity without becoming suspicious of himself. A little base hatred in his bosom would have checked his tongue, for it would have given his invective a reactive sting, and brought it into collision with conscience. In truth, he is one of the most genial and friendly of human beings, strictly incapable of a malign emotion.

His severities of censure are partly the product of pure moral indignation, and so far belonged to the legitimate resources of the orator; and partly they are bred from a special theory of action, and so far we visit them with some blame. He has a theory that personal criticism is a more efficient agent in reform than any other; and though it brings upon himself hatred and opprobrium, yet for its efficiency he will use it, be the cost to himself what it may. His adoption of this instrumentality is part and parcel of his uncompromising, unselfish, chivalrous devotion to the grand objects of his life; yet we think it erroneous. But how did he arrive at his theory?

When the Abolitionists began their great enterprise, the multitude of men who esteemed them pernicious sought at first to crush and extinguish them, by means of mobs, halters, social exclusions, opprobriums—in fine, by a general chorus of hiss and menace. The attempt failed. One plain man, who had a genius for being sure of his own will, said, "I will speak; I will be heard." Something in the tone shook the confidence of assault. Then Respectability had a bright thought. It said, smiling, "Speak, then, if you will; but as for being heard, that is another matter; your tongue is your own, but our ears are ours." Anti-slavery was to be ignored. Its orators might orate to one another till their ears were deafened and their tongues outworn; who cared?

Then it was that anti-slavery oratory began experimenting at cures for deafness. We must admit that it experimented to purpose. It made the "greatest medical discovery of the age." It caused the ears of men to drag their unwilling owners within the sound of hated voices. It quickened their auditory powers till they could hear through walls of any thickness. And it did this by resorting to stinging personal criticism. Twang went the bow, the barbed arrow flew, and the callous ear suddenly awoke into astonishing powers of apprehension.

Audience was obtained. Now let there be a change of tone. Now let these people learn that we resorted to severities unwillingly; that our permanent purpose is not to wound, but to guide.

Alas! no, the temporary expedient had taken root and become a system of action. Honestly adopted, gallantly and unselfishly pursued, it is in our judgment mistaken, nevertheless. Give us the minimum of denunciation. Necessary it is at times; let necessity alone call it forth. Be as brave and persistent to assume candor in men, as to pierce their encandor or to encounter their wrath.

We think Mr. Phillips not sufficiently sparing and considerate in the use of personal invective. We think him sometimes blamably hasty in his judgments. We think him subject to the influence of moods and occasions to a degree that diminishes his authority. We do not believe it quite feasible for any man to become a platform Rhadamanthus. But we know that even his mistakes have a noble origin; and now that the action of our government is to be mainly coincident with his purposes, and there is opening for him a broad field of happy activity, we look to see him even more lustrous in alliance with the state than he has been in resisting it. And while we could wish the special manners of the opposition cast aside, we can, with respect to the purposes he shall cherish, and the powers he shall employ, wish him nothing better than that he may continue to be himself.

Nashville, Tenn., Oct., 1863.

THE FARMER'S HOME.

—Come with me
Down this rude lane ablaze with golden-rod
And fresh with fragrance from the up-turned sod,
To where yon farm-house lifts its modest head,
By peace, content and health inhabited.
The tranquil kine, reposing in the grass,
Turn dreamy eyes upon us as we pass;
The shy sheep gaze askance, and chanticleer
Disturbs the silence with a lusty cheer
From the far barn-yard: sights and sounds are these
To make the saddest cheerful and at ease.
How full the quiet spot of sweet perfumes,
Aromas of fresh grass and clover-blooms!
How like a Sabbath stillness, or like prayer,
The cloistered calm of this sequestered air!
Anon the swinging scythe perchance is heard;
Anon the sacred, Sabbath calm is stirred
By sounding flail or woodman's axe anear,
Reëcholing through the forest sharp and clear:
The dim, old forest, where the children go
A-nutting when the leaves are all aglow
Beneath the frost-king's touch. Such merry routs
The little people tell of thereabouts!
And then the huskings and the apple-bees,
The pleasant pic-nics underneath the trees—
What city belle can boast such joys as these?
But not outside the modest farm-house dwells
Its sweetest charm; that quiet roof-tree tells
Of love and trust beneath its humble dome,
And all that glads and sanctifies a home.
Here the good house-wife plies her cheerful tasks
From morn to eve, nor gift nor guerdon asks,
Save the sweet payment of her husband's smile
And God's dear love and health and strength the while.
Her rosy daughters, not too fine to soil
Their pretty fingers with the marks of toil,
With cheerful patience sew the lengthened seam,
Prepare tne meal or churn the yellow cream,
Or lead the toddling baby that essays
Unequal steps about the household ways,
Or hasten to the door when daylight fails
To unburden "father" of his brimming pails.
Thrice happy man, thrice happy father he!
His smoking supper ready, on his knee
The crowing baby, and around his board
Health and content, he well may thank the Lord!
Life has its trials, whatsoe'er our lot;
But if there be, on God's dear earth, one spot
Crowned more than others with His favors lent,
'Tis such a home as this: All sweet content,
All peaceful, heavenly influences meet
To purify, enrich and make it sweet.
Within, without, around it and above,
Good thoughts, like blessed angels, rove and rove.
The very cattle, knee-deep in the brooks,
Have lessons for us in their patient looks;
The silent hills, slow-stretching far away,
The shady hollows with the lambs at play
In their cool bosoms, the rejoicing rills,
The sobbing of the lonely Whip-poor-wills,
The misty glories of the purpling morn,
The night's deep splendor when the stars are born,
The corn up-springing 'neath the sun and rain,
The ripening fruitage and the nodding grain,
The changing seasons as they come and go,
Winter, the pilgrim, with his coif of snow,
Spring the sweet charmer, Summer all ablaze
'Neath the rich dower of her meridian days,
And, best of all, glad Autumn blithe and sweet,
Laying her wealth uncounted at our feet!—
Who, living out his peaceful life among
Scenes such as these, more eloquent than tongue
Of priest or prelate, who, if he be wise
To learn the lessons set before his eyes,
But shall imbibe the wisdom they impart,
And win the blessing of the "pure in heart"!

CAROLINE A. MASON.

THE STORY OF A FUGITIVE.

[Rev. Newman Hall, in the speech he made in Exeter Hall, London, at the close of Mr. Beecher's address, told the following story:]

LAST evening I was visited by a fugitive slave. Her intelligent countenance, her modest demeanor, her clear, calm, refined voice at once interested me. I soon learnt her history. Her owner, as I at once guessed, was both her father and her master (shame). While she was yet a child, she so felt the cruelties of slavery that she escaped. She was pursued, tracked by bloodhounds, brought back, and subjected to the fearful torments which are generally inflicted upon a captured slave. She was made to marry early, and became a mother. Then she was employed as wet nurse to her father's children—that is, she suckled her own brothers and sisters (sensation). But the grief that she felt most was the selling of her own little girl at the age of ten years. Then as child after child was born she wished that child after child might die rather than endure the cruelties which she had suffered. With all the tender instincts of a mother, she yet rejoiced to see her babe in the cradle of death. She had been taught to believe at first that her owner was her God, and for a time she did believe that her master was God Almighty. But when she afterwards learned that there was a God in heaven she looked to Him for help, and resolved at any risk to get away. She fled to the woods, and was soon pursued, and her master was so near her at one time that she heard him, when hiding in the hollow of a tree, saying that if he caught her she would never put a step on the ground again. "Surely," I said, "he would not have maimed you?" "No," she said, "he would have tarred, feathered, and burned me alive"—a fate which many a captured fugitive has undergone as an example to others. For ten days she wandered in the woods, feeding, or rather starving, upon roots and leaves, till she was found under a hedge, exhausted, by a good Samaritan, a minister of the Gospel, who assisted her, and got her shipped in a vessel that was going to New York, and thence to Calcutta, from whence she has come to England. On her right ankle there is the mark of the red-hot branding-iron put there by her father, and on her left shoulder is the mark of the red-hot branding-iron put there by her father! (Shame.) On her wrists you will see the scars made by the links of the chains by which she was bound by her father, and where the iron gnawed into her flesh! (Sensation.) She bears the mark of a terrible blow struck by her father with a heavy iron on her side, which has made her crooked and incapacitated her for hard work. It is for the purpose of maintaining and extending the liberty to exercise such abominations as these over four million of their fellow-creatures that the Southerners are in arms (cheers). It is for the purpose of maintaining a government, and the carrying out of the laws which will put a stop to these abominations—it is now actually and avowedly, whatever it may have once been, for the purpose of sweeping the American continent of such atrocities as these—that the North is fighting (cheers). Can there be a moment's hesitation on which side—if there is to be a quarrel—the sympathies of Christian and free England shall be placed? (Cries of "No.")

A MISER'S MARRIAGE.—A miser who was asked why he had married a girl from his own kitchen, said that the union was attended with a double advantage—it saved him not only the expense of a wife, but the waste of a servant.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

GOD'S OWN POOR.

Tell me not of Burmah's heathen,
Far away o'er ocean's foam;
Teach them, *teach them*, who can reach them;
We have heathen nearer home—
God's own Poor.

Tell me not of Hindoo mothers,
By the Gunja weeping wild:
Our own crockodiles of slavery
Swallow many a mother's child—
God's own Poor.

Slavery's prison-pens unpeopled,
Slavery's bastile bolts unbarred,
On us pour their pleading thousands,
Crushed in soul, in body scarred—
God's own Poor.

From the camp and hut and hovel
Comes the Macedonian cry,
Come and clothe us ere we perish,
Come and teach us ere we die—
Helpless Poor.

Now unshackled Ethiopia
Stretches out her hands to thee;
Teach her now to read the story
How Christ "makes *His* people free"—
His own Poor.

J. G. McKEE,
Missionary to the Freedmen.

SLAVERY IN NEW ORLEANS.

THE two following anecdotes from Mr. Parton's forthcoming book on Gen. Butler's government in New Orleans have a painful interest as recent and authentic records by eye-witnesses of the shames which a kind God is wiping away from our nation.

THE OLD GENTLEMAN WHO THOUGHT A MAN COULD DO WHAT HE LIKED WITH HIS OWN SERVANT.

A Lieutenant searched a certain house in New Orleans, in which Confederate arms were reported to be concealed. Arms and tents were found stowed in the garret, which were removed to that grand repository of contraband articles, the Custom-House. A gentleman of venerable aspect, with long white hair, and a form bent with premature old age, was the occupant of the house from which the arms and tents were taken.

In the twilight of an evening soon after the search, the most fearful screams were heard proceeding from the yard of the house, as if a human being was suffering there the utmost that a mortal can endure of agony. A sentinel, who was pacing his beat near by, ran into the yard, where he beheld a hideous spectacle. A young mulatto girl was stretched upon the ground on her face, her feet tied to a stake, her hands held by a black man, her back uncovered from neck to heels. The venerable old gentleman with the flowing white hair was *seated* in an arm-chair by the side of the girl, at a distance convenient for his purpose. He held in his hand a powerful horse-whip, with which he was lashing the delicate and sensitive flesh of the young girl. Her back was covered with blood. Every stroke of the infernal instrument of torture tore up her flesh in long dark ridges. The soldier, aghast at the sight, rushed to the guard-house, and reported what he had seen to his sergeant, and the sergeant ran to headquarters and told the General. Gen. Butler sent him flying back to stop the old miscreant, and ordered him to bring the torturer and his victim to headquarters the next morning.

The sergeant hurried back and rescued the girl from the lash.

About nine the same evening, the sergeant came again to headquarters, breathless, reporting that they were torturing the girl again, as the most heartrending shrieks were heard coming from an upper room of the house. Gen. Butler ordered him to arrest all the inmates of the house, and keep them in the guard-house all night, and bring them before him in the morning. On returning to the house, the sergeant found that the second outcry was caused by washing the lacerated back of the poor girl with strong brine. They do this at the South on the pretense that it causes the wounds of the lash to heal more quickly and with less pain. The real object is to make them heal without such scars as would lessen the value of the slave at the auction-block. It is said really to have that effect; and the operation has the further charm of being more exquisitely painful than the punishment itself, since the flooding of the back with brine revives the dull sensitiveness of the nerves, calls back the dead agony to life, renews, in one instant, the anguish of each several stroke, and that anguish intensified. The whole extent of the sufferer's back is one biting, burning, piercing, maddening pain.

In the morning, the hoary wretch and his tortured slave were brought to the General's office. The upper part of her dress was opened. It was a hideous and horrible sight.

"What have you to say, sir?" said Gen. Butler to the old man?

He said the girl had given information respecting the arms and tents in his garret, and she was going to run away.

"It is false, sir," said the General, "so far as the information is concerned. We had our information from another source. What was the cause of the second outcry?"

The old man said he did not know. The General asked the girl. She said it was master washing her with brine.

"Is this so?" asked the General.

"Yes."

"You d—d old rascal! What could tempt you to treat a human being so?"

"She is my servant, and I suppose I may do what I like with her. I washed her to relieve her from pain."

"To *relieve* her? Well, sir, I shall commit you to Fort Jackson."

"General, I am a native of South Carolina; my health is infirm. It will kill me."

"I can't help that. And see that you behave well, or you shall have precisely the same punishment that you have given this poor girl, and to relieve your pain, you shall be washed down with brine."

The old native of South Carolina went to Fort Jackson, where I am happy to be able to state, he died in a month. Gen. Butler gave the girl her freedom, and assigned her a sum of money sufficient to set her up in some little business, such as colored girls carry on in New Orleans.

THE "HIGH-TONED" MR. LANDRY AND HIS SLAVE DAUGHTER.

One Sunday morning, while Gen. Butler was seated at the breakfast table, Major Strong, a gentleman who was not given to undue emotion, rushed into the room, pale with rage and horror.

"General," he exclaimed, "there is the most damnable thing out here!"

The General followed him to the office. There he found the staff assembled, standing round a woman, gazing upon her with flashing eyes, their countenances betraying mingled pity and fury. The servants of the house were crowding about the doors of the room. The woman who was the object of so much attention was nearly white, aged about twenty-seven. Her face showed at the first glance that she was one of those unfortunate creatures whom *some* savages regard with a kind of religious awe, and whom civilized beings are accustomed to consider peculiarly entitled to tenderness and forbearance. She was simple-minded. Not absolutely an idiot, but imbecile, vacant, half silly.

"Look here, General," said Major Strong, as he opened the dress of this poor creature.

Her back was cut to pieces with the infernal cowhide. It was all black and red—red where the infernal instrument of torture had broken the skin, black where it had not. To convey an idea of its appearance, Gen. Strong used to say that it resembled a very rare beefsteak, with the black marks of the gridiron across it.

No one ever saw Gen. Butler so profoundly moved as he was while gazing upon this pitiable spectacle.

"Who did this?" he asked the girl.

"Master," she replied.

"Who is your master?"

"Mr. Landry."

Landry was a respectable merchant living near headquarters, not unknown to the members of the staff.

"What did he do it for?" asked the General.

"I went out after the clothes from the wash," said she, "and I stayed out late. When I came home, master kicked me and said he would teach me to run away."

Orderly, go to Landry's house and bring him before me."

In a few minutes Landry entered the office—a spare, tall, gentlemanlike person of fifty-five.

"Mr. Landry," said the General, "this is infamous. The girl is evidently simple. It is the awfulest spectacle I ever beheld in my life."

At this moment Major Strong whispered in the General's ear a piece of information which caused him to compare the faces of the master and the slave. The resemblance between them was striking.

"Is this woman your daughter?" asked the General.

"There are reports to that effect," said Landry.

The insolent nonchalance of the man, as he replied to the last question, so inflamed the rage of all who witnessed it, that it needed but a wink from the General to have set a dozen infuriated men at his throat. The General merely said,

"I am answered, sir."

The General, for once, seemed deprived of his power to judge with promptness. "He remained for some time," says an eye-witness, "apparently lost in abstraction. I shall never forget the singular expression on his face.

"I had been accustomed to see him in a storm of passion at any instance of oppression or flagrant injustice; but on this occasion he was too deeply affected to obtain relief in the usual way.

"His whole air was one of dejection, almost listlessness; his indignation too intense, and his anger too stern, to find expression even in his countenance.

"Never have I seen that peculiar look but on three or four occasions similar to the one I am narrating, when I knew he was pondering upon the baleful curse that had cast its withering blight upon all around, until the manhood and humanity were crushed out of the people, and outrages such as the above were looked upon with complacency, and the perpetrators treated as respected and worthy citizens—and that he was realizing the great truth that, however man might endeavor to guide this war to the advantage of a favorite idea or sagacious policy, the Almighty was directing it surely and steadily for the purification of our country from this greatest of national sins.

"After sitting in the mood which I have described, the general again turned to the prisoner, and said, in a quiet, subdued tone of voice:

"'Mr. Landry, I dare not trust myself to decide to-day what punishment would be meet for your offense, for I am in that state of mind that I fear I might exceed the strict demands of justice. I shall, therefore, place you under guard for the present, until I concl